THE JOURNAL
1930-31

378.05
J

"The Wofford College Journal"

Issue	Parts Missing
Vol. 41, No. 1	Cover

6-29-88

Indexed
6/3/92 PS

378.05

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/woffordcollegejo4119woff

V. 41, No. 1, 10/1930

1854 1930

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

Offering

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

and

MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

PRE-MEDICAL, PRE-ENGINEERING, PRE-LAW COURSES

COURSES IN EDUCATION AND RELIGION

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service—Strong Faculty —Large Library—Well Equipped Laboratories—Ample Dormitory Facilities—Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit—Athletic Grounds—All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics.

Write for Catalogue to

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

THE start of the year is the time to decide whether you will be anything but one year older at the end of it. You can go through 1930 growing steadily richer, steadily to the goal of your ambition, if you will save part of your earnings each week : : : : :

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

— OFFICERS —

JNO. A. LAW.....President
CHAS. C. KIRBY.....Vice-President
M. E. BOWDEN.....Vice-President & Cashier
H. B. CHAPMAN.....Asst. Cashier
W. R. FRANCE.....Asst. Cashier
J. N. WRIGHT, JR.....Asst. Cashier

— DIRECTORS —

H. L. Bomar, J. J. Burnett, S. F. Cannon, C. C. Kirby, Jno. A. Law, L. W. Perrin, M. E. Bowden, J. B. Caldwell, H. M. Cleveland, A. M. Law, F. L. Liles, T. S. Perrin, M. G. Stone

BLUE LANTERN CAFETERIA

124 East Main Phone 1847

HURRAH FOR WOFFORD!

EAT

Blue Bird Ice Cream

PURE—DELICIOUS—HEALTHFUL

CREAM OF THE PIEDMONT SECTION

Wofford Cash Store

A. A. LAVANTIS

Boys, next to home it's the best place to eat

COLD DRINKS, STATIONERY AND CANDIES

We Cash Your Checks

Ligon's Drug Store, Inc.

WELCOME TO ALL COLLEGE BOYS!

Fountain Pens of Every Make

COME TO SEE US

Phone 30

GREENEWALD'S, Inc.

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

HOME OF

Fashion Park Clothes

Florsheim Shoes & Dobbs Hats

CONTENTS

Page

Swan Song (Poem) ..... William Wofford 2

Under the Apple Blossoms (Short Story) ..... C. R. Breedin, Jr. 3

Autumnal Excellence (Poem) ..... L. C. Harrelson 5

Shipmates (Sketch) ..... Clyde Nelson 6

Love at Twilight (Poem) ..... L. C. Harrelson 7

See—Her Hands Are Crimson (Story) ..... William Wofford 8

The Last Man (Sketch) ..... A Dreamer 12

Duke Concealed (Negro Story) ..... C. Morgan Bowen, Jr. 12

Editorial Department 14
Prof. D. A. DuPre.
Advice.

Random Recollections 15

Exchange Department 15

Eyes and Ears 16

SWAN SONG

By William Arnette Wofford

Night
Is a phantom—a poignant, cruel phantom
    Piercing my heart.
A phantom in the cool moonlight that
    Throws its dark veil about me eternally
At closing day.
    A phantom compelling me ever to
Remember
    That last sad night we said farewell.
Night is a phantom that brings back
    The memory
Of your curved mouth, crimson as flame
    And cold like Easter lilies
At dawn.
    Night is a phantom haunting me down
The long drift of years
    With that last breathed caress
Of farewell—
    Almost a holy thing—lingering like
A prayer.
    Soon in the velvet dusk of the wood
A swan
    Shall sing its song, which will
Herald the approach
    Of death.
Then shall I be free from this
    Pain of the memory
Of loving you;
    Free from the lure of your
Crimson tinted mouth—and
    The soft swirl of your shadow robes.
With the swan song I shall be free
    From
The memory.

UNDER THE APPLE BLOSSOMS

By C. R. Breedin, Jr.

IN the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, which extends through the State of Virginia, a wealthy farmer and his family lived in a large country home surrounded by a great apple orchard. The income from this orchard had supplied both necessities and luxuries to Mr. and Mrs. St. Almond during the entire period of their married life. Four children, three handsome boys and one attractive girl, completed the happiness of the couple and brought much pride to them as they meditated over their past years of labor. The girl, Mary Elizabeth, had reached the age of twenty-three, and kept herself occupied by teaching a class of fifteen children between the ages of eight and twelve. She enjoyed her work, and supplied pleasure to her parents by telling them of her classroom experiences. The faithful woo-ings of Spencer Gallachat, a promising young law student, had won for him the consent of Miss St. Almond's hand in marriage the following spring.

For miles over hills and in distant valleys, green apple trees spread over vast areas. The blossoms had fallen and the young fruit was beginning to appear. Many of the orchards which had previously been carpeted with green oats or rye were now carpeted instead with wilted, yellow crops which were dying for water. The beaming sun had drawn all of the surface water from the land and left only the deeply rooted trees to survive. The orchard around the St. Almond farm was not yet affected by the drought, but many more rainless days would certainly mean destruction to the present crop of apples.

"Mother, did the last drought affect the crop of blossoms the following year?" Mary Elizabeth asked one day.

"Yes, the clusters were scattered and they were not as thick and pretty as they had been. Then, too, the yield of fruit was decreased by thousands of barrels, but, due to our previous good fortune, we did not suffer from our loss," the mother replied.

"But think of my wedding next spring. I shall be so disappointed if the orchard is not pretty, because I'm planning an outdoors affair," said Mary.

The drought continued until the water in the well was almost exhausted. Mrs. St. Almond was distressed when her youngest son told her about the parched shrubbery and streams which were dried up along the roads. He had been accustomed to roaming for miles and miles in search of Indian arrow-heads and remnants of broken Indian pottery.

"It is serious about our water supply," said Mrs. St. Almond to Alfred as he walked down the lane in beginning one of his regular rambles. "When the well dries up, I have no idea where we can get water, because our property is higher than any in our neighborhood."

"It might rain before the well goes dry," remarked the little boy as he disappeared around the corner. He walked searchingly through dusty fields and occasionally picked

up an arrow-head from the sand. After a few hours, the sun forced him to seek shade under a large hickory tree near the side of a hill. He emptied his pockets of their contents and assorted his relics according to sizes and colors. Soon he was attracted by an opening in the side of the hill. It was partially hidden by the lower branches of the large tree, but Alfred brushed the limbs aside and ventured to the opening. The further he crawled the more dismal the place became, and, much to his surprise, the earth within was damp. A cold drop struck his forehead, then another. Is it possible that I have found water, thought the lad as he continued to crawl through the dark passage. He listened for several seconds and to his joy he heard water falling in the distance. On investigating he discovered a stream of clear, cold water. Although everything was obscure, he drank some of the water with absolute confidence in its purity. He then crawled out carefully, gathered up his treasures, and returned home to tell his mother of his discovery.

Mrs. St. Almond spread the news to all of her friends, for most, if not all, of the wells were dry and many families were actually suffering for water. Alfred led scores of farmers to the cave, and he was well paid for bringing buckets of clear spring water to them. The drought lasted for a month longer, but rain came before the apple trees were affected. Months passed and rain fell at regular periods until signs of a glorious spring were at hand.

Early vines and bushes sent forth their tender leaves and blossoms were bursting on the apple trees. The air was fragrant with the wild aroma of spring. The bees were busy as they carried their laden honey sacs to their hives to be emptied. Within the St. Almond home, preparations were being made for the wedding which would take place in the apple orchard at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Apple cider was poured from large crocks into punch bowls. Cakes were cut and slices placed on salad plates to await a liberal block of ice cream. When most of the preparations were completed, Mary Elizabeth went to her room to adorn herself for the happiest occasion of her life. She saw the guests from her window as they arrived and seated themselves under the apple boughs.

The sweet strains of Lohengrin's Bridal Chorus came from the piano on the veranda, which was artistically decorated with apple blossoms. The bride, accompanied by her father and two attendants, walked parallel to her fiance, and his brother, on carpeted walks which led to the altar under the apple trees. A solo, "All For You," was softly sung, after which a simple ring ceremony was performed. As the minister pronounced the couple man and wife, Alfred, who was hidden in the top of the tree, shook it fiercely and caused a shower of blossoms to fall on the entire party. He remarked later that it was the only substitute he could find, as his mother had taken particular care to hide her supply of rice. A simple reception followed the ceremony, and the couple disappeared through the valley on their honeymoon.

One day several months after the St. Almond family had become accustomed to its regular routine of work again, two well dressed gentlemen called and asked for Al-

fred. He walked to the door trembling, for he had never been interviewed by strange gentlemen before. The men talked with him for several minutes before they announced their mission.

"Alfred, will you direct us to the passage in the hill which you discovered some months ago? We are very interested in your discovery and would like to shine some electric search-lights in the cave to see if it might be useful."

Alfred was delighted to lead the gentlemen to the cave and he showed much pride as he led the way through the narrow opening. Long extension cords were connected to batteries and several searchlights were brought into the cave to a distance of about seventy-five feet. When the buttons on the great search-lights were pressed, Alfred and the men gasped with astonishment. There stood above and around them various shaped objects which had been formed by the continual dripping of water for thousands of years. The colors in these formations were indescribable and the cave portrayed many of the wonders of nature.

After many years, the Shenandoah Cavern, the best electrically lighted cave in the world, was opened to the public. Each year thousands of tourists pass through this mile of wonders and are told the story of Alfred St. Almond, the boy whose discovery of a stream of water proved to be the famous Shenandoah Cavern.

AUTUMNAL EXCELLENCE

By L. C. Harrelson

Do you see the beauteous changes
  This new season brings to you?
Breezes blowing so enchanting,
  Don't they thrill you through and through?

There's the lovely tone of songbirds
  As they feather little nests,
Where in frigid days of winter
  They always so snugly rest.

In the morning you arise,
  All at once begin to shiver:
For there's frost out on the grass
  Gleaming like a shining river.

We must keep the home fires burning,
  For its comforts keep you there.
Children coming home from school
  Always greet you with a cheer.

Now, it's God's undying love
  Keeps your soul so young and free:
To love Him ever and anon
  Makes the world so full of glee.

You can always see He's here
  With His mighty power so true;
His majestic hand extends,
  Laying tints of golden hue.

SHIPMATES

By Clyde Nelson

There was Karl, the Swede,
The Deck Boy, Speed,
And Barnacle Bill, the bo'sun,
And New Orleans Joe, the gay hobo,
Who looked like a sea-going parson.

CARELESS days those were—those wandering, laughing days on the blue water—those happy singing nights in Rio, in Port Said, in Antwerp, or any old port where the Old Man minded to steer his lubbering tub of a blasted freighter.

The Cranford was her name, and her homing port was the Crescent City of New Orleans. New Orleans — what stirring memories the very name of that city of romance recalls. Nights ashore with a day spent in the gloomy depths of number 1 hold forgotten and adventure lying ahead. Monkey Wrench corner at Royal and Canal Streets where a lonely sailor with not a dime jingling in his dungarees could always find a shipmate to share his loneliness. And there, too, one on some nights could scrape the acquaintance of "Coffee and" (Coffee and doughnuts). Or if one chanced upon an old shipmate fresh from a trip with his sailor's pay one might even wander down to the queer maze of streets in the ancient Vieux Garre and end up at the French Market, eating a poor man's sandwich, which is truly the biggest meal in the world for a dime.

And after a steaming cup of coffee and a brace of sinkers had warmed one's stomach, there was always the narrow, iron facaded streets of the French quarter to explore. Maybe the shipmate knew a girl on Dauphine Street, that ancient thoroughfare of forgotten memories and forgotten men. If so, strolling we would go past old iron grilled gates and closed shutters, which seemed to jealously guard the molding and mysterious houses against the encroachments of modern life.

Enroute to Dauphine, there was always the chance of picking up an old sea friend at "Diamond Tooth Sadies'" Flop House. Or maybe again an old pal might be present among the deep sea men at Mother McQuire's. What a charming soul was Mother McQuire. And what a dirty place was her Sailor's Rooming House. There for 35 cents one could turn in for a flop (a bed for the night). But bed did not always mean sleep. It is hard to sleep in a room with fifty or more drunken men of the sea. But a flop house is always better than a visit to the night court and thirty days in the brig on a vagrancy charge.

There were good times in New Orleans. From Barrack Street to Canal and from Royal to Rampart we of the Cranford rollicked and rolled along. But the Cranford was low in the water with her cargo of cotton and turpentine for Le Havre and Hamburg. And at dawn we turned to, outward bound, the salt winds of the gulf already tingling in our nostrils.

"All hands on deck! Stand by to heave." The bo'sun's booming voice stirred the fo'csle to action. The second mate was already on the poop deck, his shoes sounding a steady tattoo on the steel plates overhead. Sleepy and groggy from our last night ashore, we

piled out of our bunks and into mess for coffee.

Twenty-one days at sea and then France, Le Havre and the Street of the Thieves. But twenty-one days at sea means twenty days of work. We never turned too on Sunday. And work-a-day at sea means eight hours of honest work. There's the loading gear to be stored, booms to be lowered and made fast, line to be coiled and decks to be scrubbed, wenches to be repaired, woodwork to be washed and, above all, there's the ship to be painted before she sticks her nose again into the muddy waters of the Mississippi, bound for home.

But there's fun on the deep water, too. Speed, the deck boy, shipping out on his first trip, provided most of it. Speed was 23, had a wife and kid in San Antonio, but hard times had necessitated his making the trip, or so he said. It was Speed who dressed for early mass on Sunday morning and found that religion was sadly lacking on the bridge where Karl Johnson had sent him to hear the Skipper's sermon. On one occasion this son of misfortune attempted to pull up the anchor chain with his hands, and on still another day he reported to the mate to coil the boom and store it aft.

Karl Johnson was a son of the sea. His face was scarred with countless cuts received in deck brawls in far flung ports. He had a wife in every port. On this trip he met three personally. One was a blonde in Antwerp. In Le Harve, the Swede left one crying as the ship turned out.

The home port at last! The boisterous talking, the farewell of sailors. The avowal of Speed and Barnacle Bill that this was their last trip. Yet each man knew that he would see his mate again.

LOVE AT TWILIGHT

By L. C. Harrelson

Cool breezes softly blowing;
  Birds to their nests are going.
Hark the whipporwill so merrily
  Sings at nightfall so clearly.

Dew begins to fall again;
  Day is done, but not in vain.
All have strived to do a task;
  Night brings rest, what more to ask.

Thoughts of loved ones far away
  Brings sweet memories day by day.
Friends so true bring joys anew,
  Hearts of love bound through.

It brings content, this love God sent;
  Reveals just what His will has meant.
Now we must keep closely by,
  For only this can satisfy.

SEE, — HER HANDS ARE CRIMSON!

By William Arnette Wofford

THE long river outside the house was ice, frozen in ripples and crests, touched with amber. Beyond rose the hill, blue now in the gathering night, crusted with snow, and on its incredible arch, the house. Close to the snow, close to the brick walls, the arched windows, grew red berries hanging like drops of blood from the black twigs, burning like a sullen fire around and around the house. And inside the great house was a woman in a blood-red gown, her face and hands dead white, under her eyes shadows like the half moon, her hair smooth and blue-black like a bat's wing. She walked across the floor to the window and closed her eyes until the ice spread out as far as she could see, vast and permanent, and as she stood there she heard the wind come past the lonely island, past the length of dark timber, over the snow in a sharp high sweep.

Barbara Forsythe shuddered. The wind increased in volume outside the house. She placed her hands over her ears to keep out the sound, but she could not drown the fearful noise. Always the wind was there — howling, wailing, roaring, — now gently caressing, now blustering, terrible in its might — sweeping relentlessly week after week, month after month, over Wind Island. Ever it blew—the wind plucking at taut nerves, tearing away body and soul until all restraint, all peace and civilization were stripped away and one stood raw and trembling under its torture.

Barbara Forsythe pulled aside the heavy velvet curtains and stood looking out into the dark night. The sombre sky was clouding over and it would snow again, probably before morning. A windbreak of spruce cut a sharp silhouette against a slope blanketed deeply in white snow. The woman ignored the familiar picture. If only she could escape from the wind and this other new terror that awaited her downstairs. But the howling, roaring wind, blustering in its might, relentless in its mercy, howled to the terrified woman the awful chant: "No escape. No escape. . . ."

She let the heavy curtains fall into place. The dark night with the roaring sea and the wind-blown trees and blood-red berries were blotted from her sight. Then her eyes rested upon the small table near the great chimney. The telephone. She ran to it and took down the receiver. Not until she held it in her hand and stood staring at it did she realize the utter uselessness it would bring her. What good would it do her? To shout into it that downstairs a man known to Wind Island as her husband was in a short time going to kill her would only bring jeers. They would think she was stark mad. They would never believe her. Besides, whom should she call? Even though she had been at Wind Island almost a year, she had remained apart from the other few inhabitants. She knew no one whom she could ask to save her. She replaced the receiver upon its hook.

With a sinking heart, crushed with terror

and despair, Barbara Forsythe walked across the thick tapestry rug and stood before the massive walnut table, her hands resting on the heavy wood. What could she do? For one brief moment she thought she was going to fall. Everything grew dark before her eyes, and as her hands touched the heavy top of the table for support, they closed round something cold and hard. Nils Forsythe's pistol. The touch of the cold steel seemed to steady her trembling fingers. She turned and took it up from the table and looked and looked at it. Blood beat in her head, making it hard for her to think, but her thoughts struggled as through an enveloping darkness.

The woman raised her head and listened. Then she heard the wind. It was laughing and shrieking at her.

"Oh, you are wicked!" she cried shrilly. "I hate you! I hate you!" Her scream rose to a note of terror. "And you are treacherous! You are more treacherous than anything else in the world!" The wind answered her only with its blasting fury.

"I beg your pardon, Madam. Mr. Forsythe wishes to see you in the library."

The woman uttered a small cry and turned and faced the grim butler. Had Jarvis heard her? She searched his face, but could detect not the least sign on his impassive countenance.

"How you startled me, Jarvis!" she said. "You may tell Mr. Forsythe I'll be right down."

Jarvis bowed stiffly and left the room. She watched him leave with bitter hatred in her heart. It was Jarvis, she knew, who had told her husband of what had happened while he was away. It was he, then, who was the cause of this new misery. She should have known her husband would have Jarvis spy on her during his absence.

She placed the revolver in the shadow of the table and left the room. As she entered the library below, she saw Jarvis hovering anxiously near.

Herbert Forsythe was standing near the great fireplace, his face dark with anger, his fingers clenched to the stone. At sight of her, he moved angrily towards the advancing woman in the blood-red gown, his hand upraised as if to strike her. But before he could speak, the woman spoke from drawn, white lips.

"Please, Herbert, let's not quarrel in here. My room upstairs is much better. We won't be disturbed there. Jarvis is outside listening."

He followed her up curving stairs that made the important note, architecturally, in the living hall below. He was like a tense, dark shadow lengthening behind her, stepping when she stepped, her dark hair mounting before him like ashed coals waiting to break into flames. It was that curious quality about her that had magnetized him. It still magnetized him, that ever present quality, which was like a vital force, of sluggish fires that flamed so easily beneath any draft. At last they reached the upper floor, and he followed her down a hallway, the walls of which were hung with large and valuable tapestries that rested oppressively in shadow, that brooded in heavy sullenness for want of proper light. Then they reached the room. She closed the heavy walnut door and stood

with her back against it. Her face was drawn and white.

"Well," she said, turning to him.

They faced each other, taut, eyes aflamed, while the wind roared around and around the house. A sombre pall hung over them. Then the man spoke with hot words flung from lips twisted with fury.

"Tonight I learned how you deceived me while I was away. So you thought you could play around with my brother and I'd never know the difference?"

"You mean you hold it against me for making friends with him while you were gone? You mean you can't forgive me for that? Surely you didn't expect me to be rude to him simply because he happened to come during your absence? How was I to know that he would come then?"

"You need not lie!" he bellowed in his rage, "for lies are useless. I know all that has been going on. You two have been making love every day I've been away. You can't throw the blame from your shoulders. I understand you were quite willing, weren't you?"

Barbara Forsythe shuddered and beat her clenched hands together. "I wasn't! God in heaven knows I wasn't! It wasn't me—it was the wind that drove me crazy. It was the terrible loneliness and awful wind that drove me to a friendship with Nils."

The sweat stood out on his forehead again now, and a nerve was twitching about his mouth, giving him a sense of gibbering when he spoke.

"You think you're too good for me, don't you? I'd like to know where you'd been today if it hadn't been for me and my money. But instead of loving me as you should have, you break every promise you made and even carry on with my brother in my own house!"

The woman reeled back as if he had struck her in the face. "What have I done?" she cried shrilly.

"Outside this affair with my brother, it's what you haven't done that counts! Instead of being a good wife to me, you've withdrawn yourself and moped in your room ever since we came to Wind Island. You've avoided me at every turn, except for the luxuries I have heaped upon you. That's the kind of woman you've been!"

Barbara Forsythe's deep, black eyes flayed him like stabs of crystal. They burned like two great fires in a dead-white face set in a sullen mask. The deep fires smouldered, leaped to a flame that quickly burned itself out, leaving a waste of bitterness. Like the cut of lightning across a gray sky her denouncement struck him from lips that were cynical and mocking.

"You say that's the kind of woman I've been! Well, it's the truth. But you're responsible for it. When I married you I thought I could force myself to respect you even though I knew I could never love you, because I was sick of poverty. But you yourself killed any respect I could ever have had for you. You forced me out here to this forsaken wilderness where you could have me all to yourself. But I can't stand another day here, do you hear? I tell you, I can't stand it! You and the wind—I hate you both! You both have got me, but I'm going away. Do you hear? I'm going away!"

Her words dropped into an abyss of silence, and she saw the veins on his forehead stand

out swollen and purple, and his throat moved convulsively. For answer, he strode forward as if to seize her wrist, sneering between savage teeth:

"How are you going to go away?" he screamed at her. "You can't escape me!" He threw back his head and laughed.

Mad terror of him clutched her again, such terror as she had never known before. And his laughter stung every quivering nerve in her body and a madness seized her, and a mad desire to kill the repulsive beast who towered over her, so that madness mounted upon madness with a sense of triumphing will. She wrenched from his grasp, and ran to the table and snatched up the pistol.

"I'll show you how I'll escape you!" she screamed back. Herbert Forsythe advanced closer. Palsied by fear and terror, she reeled backward to escape him. His hand reached out to seize the weapon, but at that moment she blindly pulled the trigger. A deafening roar followed, and a puff of black smoke.

The woman stood there, swaying a little, exhausted. She looked and looked at the body at her feet. And something that stood apart in her, something afar off, told her that he was dead. But she had no emotion now save that of utter weariness, an exhaustion of body and soul. At the back of her mind flickered the thought that it was curious how easily one could extinguish as vital and vivid a flame as a human life.

So this was the end, then, of all her mad desires and hopes of escape, of all her resentment and suffering and hatred. She was suddenly aware that all the dreary bleak months of her life at Wind Island had been a gathering of forces sweeping upward to this moment of ironic victory—a victory and triumph so absolute that having achieved it one could not go on living.

From the reflection in a tall floor mirror standing near the dying fire, her face stared back at her. Fixed. Tragic-eyed. She did not recognize her own face. Only the eyes seemed living. And in the dying light the blood-red gown flamed omniously.

The wind on the outside had risen to a cyclonic fury now. She shivered as she listened. It rose higher and higher, and rattled the windows louder. The wind had been listening and seeing everything that had happened in the room. It was all so plain now. The wind had known all along that it would have its way with her. No use to fight any more. She would give up.

The wind and the storm, and the dead silver trees bending under the storm, were nothing; for life was inside the room, death was inside, and thought could go no further than life and death.

The woman stood there trembling like a leaf, clasping dead-cold hands until there was a sound of footsteps upon the stairs. Jarvis was coming for her; but Jarvis did not know already she had ceased to belong to this world. Through the black enveloping curtain that was slowly blotting out the light in the room, she thought she heard afar off the clatter of the pistol as it hit the floor. But she wasn't quite sure. . . .

She fell to the floor with a mighty crash. The wind had had its way with her.

THE LAST MAN

By A Dreamer

"The camp fire smoulders—ashes fall;
The clouds are black against the sky;
No tap of drums, no bugle call;
My comrades all—good-bye."

AS the only survivor of a group of civil war veterans who had formed a last man's club, Charles M. Lockwood at the age of 87 kept his faith with his departed comrades, and carried out in bitter solemnity a ceremony planned in fun 45 years ago.

July 21 of this year, Mr. Lockwood appeared at the old Sawyer house in Stillwater, Minn., and to the banquet hall where the ceremony had always been held. All the chairs were empty. Lockwood arose, took one sip of wine from the cup and recited the above toast and declared the Last Man's Club dissolved.

The ranks of the men who fought in the civil war are thinning, and in a few years they will all be gone. There is a great lesson in thinking of the lives of some of these who now have nothing but memories of faithful service rendered on the civil war battlefields.

DUKE CONCEALED

By C. Morgan Bowen, Jr.

"IT sho wuz a war what dey had den in these here parts," remarked Aunt Lou, the old negro woman who had lived in my grandfather's home for many, many years. We all thought very much of our old friend, and spent happy hours listening to her reminiscences of civil war days. We had encouraged her to tell again the event of the attempted capture of Uncle Duke, my father's eldest brother. It was no trouble to start this feeble woman to the telling of her most exciting experience. Automatically, she proceeded.

"Duke, he wuz rarin' to go to de war. Old Marse told him to go den, if he wanted to; so to de war he went. One day we learned dat de army he wuz in wuz a comin' toward dis here old Cross Swords plantation. There sho wuz a jubilee among us niggers. We wuz all crazy about Duke. About de same time we heard dat Sherman wuz marchin' to meet 'em. We knowed what dat news meant. Hit just spelt war in plain letters. Well, dose two armies met at Nat Brown's plantation. Atterwards, Duke tell us dat the Confederates wuz beat back'ards cross de plantation de first thing. Soon dey had a revival and made dem dam yankees run with coats a flyin' in de air. De armies went back'ards and for-'ards, men a drappin' all de time. Duke's tales made us see awful sights—oogh."

Here the old woman shuddered. "Soon one of dem yankees bring Duke to Old Marse, who was searchin' for his boy. He

wuz wounded. Dat why he ain't got but one leg today. Marse Duke and de others say hit wuz a terrible sight."

"Duke don't know none ob us when dey bring him in. Fer weeks he lay like he dead. But at last he come ter hisself and ask if he is hurt."

"Is you hurt?" says I. "You is most dead now."

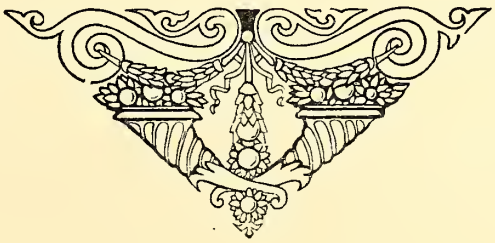
"He just sorta laugh, and soon he start gettin' better. In two months he was nearly well and a wantin' to go back to de war. Marse he wouldn't hear to such, and say dat de boy gotta stay at least two more weeks anyhow. He stay dem two weeks, too.

"Now listen, chillun, here is de most exciting part ob it all. De Yankees come to Marse's house ter take Marse Duke a prisoner. Miss Mary, his ma, most hab a fit right den. 'What shall we do? Oh, Lou, my boy!' she say.

" 'Do,' says I, 'hide de boy sommers.'

"Lawd, you should a seen where your Uncle Duke wuz finally hid. De Yankees look in eber room in de house. Soon dey come to de kitchen. Dey look eberwhere and I wuz 'fraid dat Duke wuz gwin' to cough or somethin' and show hisself. Dey pass right over dat boy, and say dey is sorry dey had to search but dey mighty glad he wuzn't dere. We all watch as dey ride off down de turnpike, den think ob Duke.

"We go to der kitchen just in time to find him a crawlin' out ob de half-filled flour barrel. What a sight he wuz. He wuz white all over. He wuzn't scared a bit. He just stood dere a laughin' and a sayin' to me dat I had saved his life by de use ob de flower barrel."



Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—Clyde Nelson.
Business Manager—Gerald Michaux.
Circulation Manager—Watson Painter.
Literary Editor—Harold Miller.
Literary Editor—B. A. Foster, Jr.
Literary Editor—William Wofford.

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the student body.

Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

EDITORIALS

Professor D. A. DuPre

During the past summer, Wofford men and citizens generally all over the State were grieved to hear of the death of one of the members of the faculty and perhaps the oldest living graduate of the institution, Professor D. A. DuPre.

His life had been crowned with useful effort at Wofford and rich in the love and esteem of all who came in contact with him. He organized the first music club in Spartanburg, and was for many years a member of the board of trustees of the city schools. For over 70 years he lived in the same house on the campus, and to those of us who have been used to seeing him each day, it seems strange that he is not here.

Professor DuPre knew the spiritual as well as the educational values of the things of this life, and it is enough to say of any man that he was a Christian gentleman. —C. N.

Advice

Human character develops only with the cultivation of responsibility, ambition and the honest application of work. If we are denied these essentials, we become parasites feeding upon the lives of other people. If we are thrown upon our own resources, experience the hardships of earning a way to success, we are much more likely to get there quicker. Questions involving right and wrong are not so hard to determine as the ones demanding a choice between the better and best things. Without necessary experience, the choice is likely to be warped and wrong.

For most students during four years, it is necessary to depend solely on the advice of their instructors for proper character development. So it becomes essential that relationship of absolute trust be established between the student and professor. The student must feel that his superior is acting from the best of motives when advice is given.

Recently a student in one of our colleges was accused by the dean of being maliciously absent from devotional exercises. Some mistake had taken place, because the boy had never been absent. This student confided in us that he felt that the official should have been sure of a thing like this before making such an accusation. He further felt that he could never have the same amount of respect for the dean.

We feel that Wofford has the type of instructors whose word of advice to us is worthy of every consideration, and that following this will make the path easier and in the end will be of great benefit to us all. —C. N.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

"In this world, nothing is certain but death and taxes."—Franklin.

"What seems to us but sad, funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps."
—Longfellow.

"Nobody has ever expected me to be president. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that cabbages were sprouting."—Lincoln.

"When the candles are out, all women are fair."—Plutarch.

"We are more sensible of what is done against custom than against nature."—Plutarch.

"That son of men, Solomon, treasure-house of the Lord's delights, chief dwelling place of wisdom, was darkened by the inky blackness of shadows and lost the light of his soul, the fragrance of his fame, the glory of his home, by the witchery of women."—Walter Map.

"—'Tis sweet thy labouring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazines of learning fortified;
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewildered in the maze of life, and blind."
—Dryden.

"You cannot have qualifications without experience; and you cannot have experience without personal opinions and bias. That may not be an ideal arrangement; but it's the way the world is built; and we must make the best of it."—Bernard Shaw.

"The well meaning person, who, by merely studying the logical side of things, has decided that 'faith is nonsense,' does not know how truly he speaks. Later it may come back to him in the form that nonesense is faith."
—Gilbert Chesterton.

"The pursuit of beauty as a national ideal is no picnic—idlers need not apply."—Galsworthy.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

"The Wofford Journal" will be glad to continue its usual policy of exchanging magazines with colleges of this section. We believe that it will be mutually helpful.

EYES AND EARS

(The Latest in Books, Cinema and Drama)

The Literary Guild selections for November and December will be "Success," by Lion Feuchtwanger, and Rockwell Kent's own story of his Greenland shipwreck, self-illustrated, to be called "N by E." It will be recalled that last December's selection was also illustrated by the well-known young artist. It was a special edition of Voiltaire's world-famous "Candide."

Katharine Brush's next novel is to be "Young Men Tell." She will be especially remembered as the talented author of that refreshing story, "Young Man of Manhattan." Quite a fondness for young men, what?

Speaking of "Young Man of Manhattan" reminds us of that charming new-comer to the screen, Claudette Colbert. Among her others are "The Big Pond," "The Lady Lies," and that ancient story, "Manslaughter."

While we are on the subject of films and film stars, it might be well to call attention to yet another new comer who has scored heavily. We are speaking of Kay Johnson. DeMille gave her a start in "Dynamite." She made good, and he has cast her again in a different role which is much more difficult. In this latest film, "Madam Satan," she acts intelligently and carries off the highest honors. She is almost assured of stardom.

Julia Peterkin's play, "Scarlet Sister Mary," was a flop in New York. Ethel Barrymore had the lead, and her eighteen-year-old daughter also had a part. We have an idea that the negro dialogue was not faithfully interpreted, but if Ethel Barrymore can't put the thing over, we would suggest that they give up.

Three small pencil portraits which were brought to this country recently by a collector have been identified as genuine works of Edgar Allen Poe. —C. N.

"HOT COUNTRIES"

By Alec Waugh

Mr. Waugh, one of the younger group of English writers, has to his credit several interesting books, travel stories being his favorite. His latest offering, "Hot Countries," carries us to that exotic and unfamiliar torrid zone. He has chosen to write a book about his various adventures in the tropics, in Asia, in the Pacific, and in the West Indies.

The striking thing about "Hot Countries" is that the author, a native of the temperate lands, has written a charming piece about the lands and people of this torrid zone, and has told it out of a genuine sympathy with the life which he encountered there. Yet, Mr. Waugh has found himself, at the end of his adventures, still partial to the more temperate climate of the United States and England.

"Hot Countries" is a lively book that will afford several hours of the most pleasant reading.

'THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING"

By Gaston Means

As this seems to be one of the most widely discussed books at the present moment, we

think that it is wise to give a few press comments on it. We have not read it, but intend to do so at the earliest convenience.

"National pride and patriotism calls for a corresponding hope that none but Americans will read it."—Portland Evening News.

"The men surrounding Warren Harding were of such character that some of them, at least, could have done anything of which Mr. Means accuses them. It explains, I think, why so many people are reading these revelations."—Saturday Review of Literature.

"Mr. Means' picture of Mrs. Harding is a masterpiece. . . . It is a cross between Lady Macbeth and Mrs. Annie Besant. His sketch of President Harding is a piece out of the inferno."—R. M. Lovett, New Republic.

"THE GREAT MEADOW"

By Elizabeth Madox Roberts

This distinctive novel is a story of the Kentucky of Daniel Boone's time. Miss Roberts has written in a pleasing style the story of the adventurous pioneer days, and the result is a book of beauty and power. The story is closely knit, and the total effect is more pleasing than the individual episodes.

"The Great Meadow" is the story of a woman who goes from Virginia to Kentucky, and there adapts herself to a new world. The plot is familiar enough, but Miss Roberts develops it with surprising charm and force.

BRIEF REVIEWS

"Adam's Rest" — Sarah Gertrude Millin. This author writes another tremendously stirring novel of South Africa, which she has so brilliantly written about before in "God's Step Children." It is the dramatic and poignant story of two sisters who adapt themselves very differently to the life around them.

"Exit"—Harold Bell Wright. This book is a nation-wide best seller, and is written in the author's accustomed style. While it does not bid to be ranked as great literature, it is fascinating reading, and sweeps the reader along with eager interest.

"Sky Farm" — Clarice Blake. A bleak farm in the Berkshires, and two brothers who love it and likewise love the same woman, makes this first novel the finest story of the soil and its terrible power upon human lives since "Joseph and His Brethren." It is a strong story, and is a perfect thing of its kind.

"Seed"—Charles G. Norris. This is the popular novel of birth control which is now so tremendously popular on best seller's lists. It is a good piece of work despite its sensational subject, and is quite the best thing Mr. Norris has ever done. —C. N.

The DuPre Book Store

BOOKS
and
STUDENT SUPPLIES

Students Cordially Welcomed

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

Buy Once to Last a Lifetime

CONFIDENCE, VALUE, SAFETY

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY

146 East Main Street

"PLUG" OSBORNE (Wofford, '17)

RALPH CRUTCHFIELD (Wofford, '26)

WELCOME TO

Carolina Sporting Goods Co.

SWEATERS - TENNIS - GOLF
SPORTS CLOTHING

Phone 142 **182 E. Main St.**

Piedmont Cafe

274 Magnolia St.

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

Open All Night

Stop here for drinks on your way to and from the college

Martin's Pharmacy

"Montgomery Building"

THE ELITE and LA PETITE ELITE

ICE CREAM
and
LUNCHES

Special Attention Given to Banquets

NUNNALLY'S CANDIES

ALL THE WOFFORD BOYS
EAT
DRINK AND SMOKE
at
BURNETT'S

Wilson's Drug Stores
"The Rexall Stores"
Welcome Wofford Students

WILSON'S NO. 1
Near The Cleveland

WILSON'S NO. 2
Near The Franklin

Maillard's Candies
from
Heinitsh Drug Store
"On the Square"

Braeburn University Clothes for Men

Featured by
THE MAN'S STORE
109 East Main St.

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Store
Smart Shoes and Socks

Collegiate Style Leaders of Spartanburg

SPRAWLES & CHRISTOPHER
Wofford Representatives
311 Snyder Hall

DRINK

Coca-Cola

IN BOTTLES

Patronize Our Advertisers

The Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE

A Prayer

Help us, O God, that we may in the springtime of our lives, live so that when the autumn comes, we will not look back upon days spent uselessly, our hearts filled with vain regrets.

NOVEMBER NUMBER

1930

FOR Twenty-Seven years we have been doing Good Printing for Wofford College and Wofford College Students. ¶ Menus, Club and Fraternity Stationery, Engraved Stationery and Visiting Cards. ¶ In fact, everything you need in Printing or Engraving.

BAND & WHITE
Good Printing

Phones 362-363 144 Spring St.

1854 1930

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

Offering

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

and

MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

PRE-MEDICAL, PRE-ENGINEERING, PRE-LAW COURSES

COURSES IN EDUCATION AND RELIGION

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service—Strong Faculty—Large Library—Well Equipped Laboratories—Ample Dormitory Facilities—Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit—Athletic Grounds—All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics.

Write for Catalogue to

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

THE start of the year is the time to decide whether you will be anything but one year older at the end of it. You can go through 1930 growing steadily richer, steadily to the goal of your ambition, if you will save part of your earnings each week : : : : :

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

— OFFICERS —

JNO. A. LAW.....President
CHAS. C. KIRBY.....Vice-President
M. E. BOWDEN.....Vice-President & Cashier
H. B. CHAPMAN.....Asst. Cashier
W. R. FRANCE.....Asst. Cashier
J. N. WRIGHT, JR.....Asst. Cashier

— DIRECTORS —

H. L. Bomar, J. J. Burnett, S. F. Cannon, C. C. Kirby, Jno. A. Law, L. W. Perrin
M. E. Bowden, J. B. Caldwell, H. M. Cleveland, A. M. Law, F. L. Liles, T. S. Perrin
M. G. Stone

BLUE LANTERN CAFETERIA

124 East Main Phone 1847

HURRAH FOR WOFFORD!

EAT

Blue Bird Ice Cream

PURE—DELICIOUS—HEALTHFUL

CREAM OF THE PIEDMONT SECTION

Wofford Cash Store

A. A. LAVANTIS

Boys, next to home it's the best place to eat

COLD DRINKS, STATIONERY AND CANDIES

We Cash Your Checks

Ligon's Drug Store, Inc.

WELCOME TO ALL COLLEGE BOYS!

Fountain Pens of Every Make

COME TO SEE US

Phone 30

GREENEWALD'S, Inc.

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

HOME OF

Fashion Park Clothes

Florsheim Shoes & Dobbs Hats

CONTENTS

		Page
A Prayer		Cover
The Middle Watch (Short Story)	S. B. Harper	20
Male Help Wanted (Essay)	Harold H. Hutson	23
Stars (Poem)	Clyde Nelson	25
Delay (Essay)	Bernard A. Foster, Jr.	25
The Keeper of the Llamas (Short Story)	Clarence R. Breedin, Jr.	26
Willow Tree (Poem)	William Wofford	29
Phil's Date (Short Story)	Floyd Banks	30
Historical Spots in Upper South Carolina (Sketch)	John A. May	32
Lost (Short Story)	Marvin Holloway	34
A Star That Twinkles (Poem)	L. C. Harrelson	35
The Morning After (Short Story)	Johnny Haynes	35
The Spy (Short Story)	C. Morgan Bowen, Jr.	37
New Myth (Sketch)	Clyde Nelson	39
The Sin of Rachel Queed (Short Story)	William Wofford	40
Editorials		45
Poetry.		
Our Careless Attitude.		
Exchange Department		46
Random Recollections		47
Eyes and Ears		49

THE MIDDLE WATCH

By S. B. Harper

THE trip down had been eventful enough for one who, as in my case, spends eleven months out of every year in a noisy city in the midst of the ever-flowing lanes of traffic and the heavy rumble of street cars. But to one who inhales sea breezes every morning before breakfast, it was just another voyage.

My two college roommates and I had been planning this little cruise since the dark days when we wondered whether a freshman's hardships ever ended. And now at the end of our third year, we were moulding our plans into something real. Our first idea had been to sail along the coast via the outside route to Canada, but after much discussion, this had been discarded, due to the heavy squalls which occur around Cape Cod. Our objective now was a summer resort on the Florida coast, to stop there for a few days and then begin the long stretch home.

There had been the usual flurry of small jobs in that last week of preparation, and the three of us were, for the first time, delighted to be busy.

The Wanderer had come to us from the ways glistening with her coat of white, and everything was in tip-top condition. Even the two masts were gleaming under a fresh application of varnish, and Cleo, the cat mascot, curled up under the binnacle box, her old stamping grounds, and resumed her long interrupted nap. The Wanderer was a thirty-four foot auxiliary yawl, carrying a mainsail, jib, jigger sail and topsail,—almost too much canvas for her length. She also had a four cylinder engine which was used in calms and light breezes.

As I have said, the trip had been rather uneventful. True, we had experienced some rough weather off Cape Hatteras, and I, being the landlubber, had made several trips to the windward side of the boat, but we had more or less expected it there, so it really couldn't be classed as exciting.

As we sailed into Bay Harbor late one afternoon, the little fishing village seemed entirely out of place with its surroundings. What should have been a quiet, peaceful hamlet, continuing its time-worn occupation, was now seething with excitement. From our position, a quarter of a mile off shore, we could see little groups of agitated folk gathered all over the waterfront, and in front of the one and only church, quite a large crowd was gathered.

It was Billy's turn to go ashore in the small boat and purchase provisions, and we both envied him as he clambered over the side into the dory. His good luck spread a grin over his face which threatened to unite his ears, and after being poked at with the boat hook by Alan, he rowed quickly to the dilapidated board walk which served the town as a wharf.

During his absence of almost an hour, Alan and I attempted to pass the time away with penny blackjack, but we made a poor go of it. We were waiting at the side long before Billy got back. When he did, he

bounced into the small cock-pit with his eyes almost popping out of his head.

"Remember that gunman who killed three cops in Newfolk last month?" His breath was coming in short gasps and his words were broken. We both nodded.

"Well, he escaped yesterday, got this far and swiped a small boat. He's headed south on the same course that we're taking, that is, the same course that we were taking." And Billy looked searchingly at us.

Neither of us spoke for at least a minute. We all tried to avoid the others' glances, almost afraid that we would disclose our thoughts. The issue must arise, but we were trying to hold it off as long as possible. Finally Alan, the senior member of the party, broke the silence. His words were spoken so slowly that they seemed to float out to us. For some unknown reason, they seemed to carry to me some meaning of an approaching misfortune which would break into our splendid trip thus far.

"We're going on," he said slowly. "If you think that a little rumor like that is going to scare me out of my vacation, you're crazy."

Billy and I automatically began raising the sails without speaking. I knew that it was the only thing to do, but at the same time, I couldn't suppress a sinking sensation which came over me. And I could almost see those three cops lying in a row.

The Wanderer turned her stern to Bay Harbor just as twilight laid a heavy blanket over the marsh tops which lined the shore edge. Supper was finished in a silence which prevailed unbroken. We all knew what the other was thinking, and it would do no good to talk about it; therefore we kept our mouths shut.

When the little table in the cabin had been cleaned off, Skipper Alan gave the usual orders to prepare the ship for the night. This usually consisted of putting out the riding lights and taking in the jigger sail and the topsail; but as we were in a river and not the broad expanses of the ocean, only the aft jigger was sheeted home to carry us along.

Alan was at the wheel when the watches changed.

"Billy," he said suddenly, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on a spoke of the wheel, "you take from ten to twelve-thirty so you can have the rest of the night for sleep. You've put in more time at the wheel today than either of us. George will take from twelve-thirty to three, and I'll finish up. You won't mind changing with him, will you, George?"

I tried to muster up all my courage in replying that it was o. k. with me, but at the same time, I experienced a shaky feeling when I thought of that loneliest of all tricks at the wheel, when there is no one to chew the well-known rag with, and when the darkness seems to blot out everything like a heavy rolling fog. Even the bow of the boat cannot be distinguished from the helmsman's position at the wheel on dark nights.

We sat around in the cockpit with Billy during his watch, talking on various subjects, and trying to get our minds away from the idea that we were heading for impending doom. We discussed everything from the question of evolution down to the whys and wherefores of the Chinese situation, but none

of them appeared to be very cheerful in view of the present surroundings.

At eleven o'clock Alan informed me that if I didn't want to see several dinosaurs during my watch, I'd better be toddling off to bed, and to prove his point, he carried me into the small cabin and put me in one of the two bunks. However, sleep was out of the question for me. Alan's nerves must have been in good shape, as his deep breathing informed me some time later, but as for me, I tossed about as much as the boat itself did on rough days. It was almost a relief when Billy called me for my watch; and in a short while I knew that he had joined Alan in the land of Morpheus.

Somehow I just couldn't keep those three dead cops away from my eyes, and I wished then that I had never seen the picture of the killer in the "Evening Star."

I have never felt so utterly alone in all my life. I felt like I wanted to brush that blank silence away from my face as if it were a spider web. I do believe that I would have welcomed a squall to banish the state into which I had fallen. Occasionally a fish would jump as the boat cut a soundless path through the still waters, but this hollow sound served only to increase my hallucinations. The rusty pulley on the sail behind me creaked every time the breeze freshened, and I turned around so much that I developed a stiff neck. Once Cleo rubbed against my leg, and I almost jumped overboard trying to get away from the "menace."

My nerves were playing leapfrog with my backbone, when suddenly, without warning, the bow of the Wanderer struck something heavy in the middle of the stream. The blow was not hard enough to damage the boat or to wake up the two sleepers in the cabin, but I hardly dared to breath for the next few minutes. I had visions of running down the escaped man in his stolen skiff, and the thought sent cold shivers down my spine. As nothing happened, I tried to tell myself that my imagination was playing a trick on me, but the plan didn't work so well. However, as a breeze was springing up, my attention was diverted to keep the ship from burying her nose in a marsh bank.

I had just taken my eyes from the lighted binnacle box and was trying to get them accustomed to the darkness, when a white object 'way up foward almost stopped my heart from beating. It was moving slowly and I was positive that it was advancing towards me. I tried to remember how all the prison uniforms that I had seen looked like and at once decided that this was one in front of me, and furthermore, this uniform contained someone who would make Lon Chaney appear beautiful. I tried to call the boys, but the words just wouldn't come out. All I could do was to stare at that killer who came towards me with such slow, tantalizing steps. I wondered whether he would throw my poor body overboard after making mincemeat out of it. Would he kill Billy and Alan in cold blood, or would he give them a fighting chance?

Finally forcing my numbed limbs into action, I kicked a cushion from the cockpit seat into the cabin and woke up Billy. He came out, cursing me for disturbing his slumbers, and asked sleepily just what had affected my mind. I couldn't speak, I pointed. Now, he was closer to the bow than I, and

when he followed with his eyes the direction of my shaking hand, he started advancing slowly towards my nightmare. I shouted a warning, but he acted as though he didn't hear it. Perhaps a minute had passed since he had disappeared in the darkness when the white peril vanished. I could hear Billy chuckling as he came back. When he joined me, his characteristic grin warned me that there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere.

"Do you remember those old ropes we had to use on the jib when we furled it?" he asked in a mocking tone. I replied rather fearfully that I did.

"Well, some jar broke one of them and, you know, the wind has a mighty bad habit of getting under loose canvas and working wonders."

"Can I leave you my shoes to repel the attacks of the invaders?" he added, hastily backing off. My threat to throw the mast at him sent him back into the cabin, and I got no peace from him during the remainder of the trip.

MALE HELP WANTED

By Harold H. Hutson

THE best lecture on Success is to be found in the "Help Wanted" columns of the daily papers. Any youth who really wants to know what kind of man is in demand in this generation will find him pretty accurately described there.

We would call him a fool who built a factory for the manufacture of goods that he knew the community would not buy. What may we call that young man who spends his best years accumulating habits in which there is no advantage, tastes for which there is no demand and a character that has no market value? The real test of a man is how he spends his leisure time, and yet we see many who waste away the leisure time of their best years forming habits which are very detrimental to their future success.

The men who are advertising for help are not reformers, idealists, preachers nor theorists. They are hard-headed business people who want results and know what kind of man gets them. They are not trying to change the moral order of the universe. They are following, perhaps unconsciously, certain well defined laws of character and business which cannot be permanently disregarded with any hope of success. They have learned in the school of experience that the dependable man is the man who possesses the characteristics called for.

To find out just what kind of help the business world is looking for, read the "Help Wanted" columns and you will be surprised to discover the frequency with which certain phrases appear. They are worth studying.

"Only men who can deliver the goods need apply." There is very little demand for the youth who has merely learned to "get by." The big salaries are paid to those who can do their work so well that they do not need overseeing. "Make Good or Make Room" is the cold-blooded but practical motto on the wall of a certain very successful business

executive who employs hundreds of people every year. There is no room in the business world for the person who is not equal to the position which he holds. Competition has forced out those who are not throwing themselves into their work.

Promises can sometimes land a position. Performance equal to the promises is alone able to hold the position. No life contracts are signed until the employer is sure that the worker works with a conscience.

"Earnings in direct proportion to ability." This is a fundamental rule of life. No man gains anything by getting money he has not earned. We should learn to know both sides of the dollar — the earning side and the spending side. All of the fun is not confined to the spending side, for there is just as much fun on the earning side. A person who does not know how to earn can never be a wise spender.

The only way to be paid a big salary is to earn one. A thousand men working together under the direction of a competent leader will accomplish five times as much as the same number working without a leader. Any man who can direct the work of a thousand men makes the labor of each five times more valuable. The cheapest employee of any corporation is its highest paid executive. He makes the work of the other men worth more.

And he is entitled to his larger salary. James J. Hill accumulated a fortune of many millions by developing the Great Northern railway system. But he made the public a thousand times richer than himself. Every farmer, homesteader, cattle raiser and sheep herder along the line of his railroad is worth many times as much as he would have been if Hill had not dreamed the Great Northern.

"Men with ability wanted." Not men with a pull, a suitcase full of recommendations, influential friends, bell-bottom trousers, the latest dance steps, family trees, beautiful baritone voices, a fine record at first base, expensive or sporty habits, a perfect vocabulary of the latest slang or profanity, nor a thorough knowledge of all the movie stars, race horses and pugilists—but men who can go ahead without waiting for orders. The man with ability and the will to go ahead is the man who leads the field.

"Must be willing to work." Pleasing manners and other characteristics may give one a start, but when the testing time comes it is the spirit with which one works that gains the day. Shirkers are not wanted in the business world, or in any other field. The willingness to go the extra mile is what brings advancement.

Thomas A. Edison performed more than ten thousand experiments before he found the right kind of wax out of which to manufacture phonograph records. Charles Goodyear performed thousands of experiments during the eleven years he was searching for the secret of vulcanized rubber. Madame Curie sorted through tons of waste material, grain by grain, to find the first bit of radium.

"Must have pleasing personality." By this is meant that he must be able to smile in the face of defeat, reply courteously when treated brusquely, offer his opinions with conviction and kindliness, take his promises as seriously as other men take them, keep his speech as clean as his finger nails, forget his grievances and remember his responsibilities, covet a reputation for dependability, appreciate the

value of another man's time and be able to close a conversation when it is finished.

"Must be of good character." There can be no substitution here. Out in the business world, one must have a strong, well-founded character, or he will succumb to temptations which will surely be placed in his way. The opportunities open to the man without character are becoming daily more scarce and less desirable.

Brilliancy and brains are given to a comparative few, but any man may cultivate honor and integrity. Genius and cleverness are the heritage of the favored few, but industry and loyalty are within the reach of every man. Talent is the gift of God, but character is the product of our own purpose. In the long run, good character is much better than clever cunning.

"Must be able to furnish references." The honest man has nothing to fear from an investigation, but the cunning evader trembles when an old neighbor comes to town. The man who has worked faithfully and honestly meets and shakes hands with his old employer. Do your work in the correct way, and the references will be plentiful.

Read the "Help Wanted" columns — they are an education.

STARS

By Clyde Nelson

A crown of diamonds in the air,
Like jewels in my mother's hair;
Each gleam a hope of life to come,
Each gem a kindly deed well done.
They are my world—my trysting place—
In stars I see my mother's face.

And when at dusk the roseate sun
Sets out these starlights, one by one,
And lights them with the mellow moon,
I seem to hear my mother croon
And sing to me sweet lullabys
Of twinkling stars within the skies.

DELAY

By Bernard A. Foster, Jr.

"Most any poor old fish
Can drift along and dream,
But it takes a real live one
To swim against the stream."
—Selected.

HOW many opportunities are nipped in the bud; how many appointments fail their purpose before they begin; how many characters and personalities are impelled along the downward trend to destruction; nay even, how many nations plants their own seeds of decay, by means of this mongrel, born of carelessness and negligence—Delay?

Mothers and fathers imbue in their child the background for lifelong traits, characteristics, virtues, or vices. This is true in the case of the vice, Delay, and well it may be called a vice. It is purely a matter of

habit caused by early environment and training. Despite the fact that habits, the longer practiced, are less easily broken, a man may rid himself of an early formed habit without much effort.

We see the clerk at the end of the month poring over his set of books. He despairingly scratches his head, wondering why he has so huge an amount of balancing to do. We see the distracted housewife flurriedly begin preparing at seven forty-five for an eight o'clock dinner. We see the little school boy, who loiters to throw stones, late for his classes. We see a mighty nation pitted against another mighty nation, because one was slow in certain diplomatic relations. In the majority of instances, a little analysis will show avoidable Delay the disturbing factor. It strikes at the root of any good characteristic with which it comes into contact. Unless decided resistance be offered to Delay, it will disintegrate and demolish many lifelong virtues when it does strike. It is the "worm within the rose."

But let us come a little closer home, where Delay as well as Charity begins. How many students have you seen who have "so much to do they can find time for nothing?" Should these same students introspect a little, they would find the same imp, Delay, staring at them with procrastinating eyes. "Just a little more to do—I'll finish it tomorrow." This little phrase from day to day increases the amount of backwork. The end of the semester finds the poor student hopelessly submerged. In vain he will try to force three months learning into his head in three days. Even by sugar-coating the bitter pill with the desire for a "passing" grade, he cannot undo the firm handiwork of Delay.

Now what shall we combat this with? Then comes the answer, habitual precision and punctuality. These are the only effective antidotes for Delay and procrastination. When they are substituted for Delay, the increase in happiness will overbalance the effort used in the substitution. Delay causes worry, whereas punctuality sets the mind at ease. Truest happiness comes with a well-ordered life and routine of life.

Never make an appointment unless you are sure you can keep it at the set time. Never wait until the end of the week or semester to complete what should have been done from day to day. Our sagacious philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, condenses our discussion into one sentence and slays the imp, Delay, with these oft repeated words: "Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

THE KEEPER OF THE LLAMAS

By Clarence R. Breedin, Jr.

THERE nestled in a little grove of trees, about eight and a half miles from Lima, Peru, South America, a small weather-worn cottage which was occupied by an old Spanish woman and her son. Years, which had dealt harshly with the old woman, left their trace of many wrinkles on her forehead and cheeks. Just recently she had lost her husband, who left her at the mercy of God to make a living for herself and her son.

The rising sun signalled Mrs. Boenos to her work every morning and she put it aside at sunset, for she could scarcely afford oil to burn in the lamps. Her only possessions were the furnishings in the house and a small herd of llamas which she kept for meat. Little Pemko took much interest in the animals when he was well, but his body was being sapped of its strength by fever as he lay in his bed from day to day. The physician had advised him to remain in bed for two weeks, and now this time had almost expired.

"Mama," sighed the lad softly, "I can get up and tend to our llamas tomorrow. I sure did miss them when I was sick and I hope I will never be sick no more."

"Yes, dear, you may get up in the morning, but you must be very careful until you regain your strength. Mama will put her big rocking chair out in the lot for you and you can watch the herd all day." The lad was comforted by his mother's words and he fell asleep as she talked to him. After the sun had risen the next morning, he was awakened by the loud bleating of the llamas, so he called Mrs. Boenos to his bedside.

"Mama, are you ready to fix the chair for me? I feel lots better, and I'm sorta hungry."

"Yes, Pemko, I've already put the chair under the tree and will help you out as soon as you eat your breakfast. Put your jacket and pants on, then come back to the kitchen with me." The little boy dressed quickly and walked to the kitchen, where his mother had his breakfast waiting. It consisted of a plate of gruel, a glass of milk, and a soft-boiled egg. Pemko ate the food and sighed heavily when he climbed from his chair. His mother supported him and they walked to the tree in the corner of the lot, where she seated him comfortably in the big rocking chair.

"Now, son, be very quiet today and by tomorrow you will be able to walk some. I'm going back to the house to do some sewing and will listen for you if you call."

The little beasts flocked around the child and licked his hands tenderly as if to express their joy for his return. Pemko ran his fingers through the soft wool of the animals and drew several to his little body. The wool was white, spotted with brown or black, and some altogether black. The animals resembled the North American sheep in size and the small heads stood vigilant on their long necks. The ears were prominent and stood erect. The divided hoofs were attached to slender but strong legs. Pemko remembered the many stories which had been told to him about the llamas as he and his father had sat before their cozy log fire in winter. He had been told how they protected themselves from being overburdened by their offensive saliva which they slung forcefully at their driver or, most commonly, by kneeling down if much over a hundred pounds were placed upon their backs. He learned that they belonged to the camel family and went three or four days without water. Their food consisted of a mere handful of roughage and a scant measure of grain. Pemko watched every movement of the little animals and did not leave his chair all day. Mrs. Boenos brought him a bowl of nourishing chicken broth and several slices of toast, which he ate and seemed to enjoy. Gradually some color came to the boy's face and the fresh air and sunshine assisted in developing his strength anew.

By nightfall he was tired, so his mother gave him a refreshing bath, after which she tucked him in bed. Each day the child grew stronger and was soon able to resume his regular duty of watching the llamas as they meandered through mountain thickets in search of green vegetation. He often came home with stories of nature, which he told most entertainingly to his mother, for he inherited a good memory and keen, alert eyes from his father. Very seldom did anything of interest pass the child without being recorded on his plastic mind.

"Son, I received a letter from Senora Santallaya today. She said that someone in Lima told her about me having mangoe seed and that she is very anxious to get a few. Her physician has prescribed mangoes for her invalid son and none of the merchants in Lima keep them, so she intends to raise a few in her garden."

"Mama, I didn't know you had any mangoe seed."

"Yes, I have kept a few since father was first sick, for all doctors highly recommend them for sickness. If you will take a little packet to her, I'll fix a lunch for you and let you ride into the city tomorrow."

"Oh, Mama, I'm so glad she wants them seed, 'cause it's been such a long time since I've been to town. Maybe I'll see President Leguia and his little Indian servant. Marcus said he saw 'em once when he took Senora Santallaya those straw baskets."

The Senora whom they spoke of was the wife of the secretary to Leguia, the president of Peru. She lived near the president's palace in a beautiful brick bungalow which was adorned with antiques and relics from the mountains surrounding Lima. Her son was born an invalid and had been put on a strict diet since his childhood.

Pemko mounted a black llama very early the next morning and left in the direction of Lima. The beast of burden walked contentedly over the long mountain passes which he had traveled so often. He was evidently satisfied with the weight of his burden, for he neither sat down nor coughed during the entire walk. Pemko led him through the crowded streets and tied him to a post when they came to the Senora's house. The lad ran to the back of the residence and met Senora Santallaya as she walked out on the porch. He gave her the seed and bowed politely. She asked him to go into her parlor and rest until she brought him a glass of cool milk. The child walked through a long passageway which led him into the parlor. He was overwhelmed by the splendor of the room and he gazed intently at every object. He noticed an odd little rug which was placed near a large library table in the center of the room. On investigating, he saw that it was made from the wool of llamas. He turned it over, inspected the stitches, and learned every detail about the object. He then sat down and drank the milk which Mrs. Santallaya brought in on a tray with a few sandwiches. He had left the lunch which his mother fixed on his llama's back to eat on his return home. When he arose to go, the Senora thanked him for bringing the seed and she filled his shirt pocket with centavos. Pemko thanked her for the lunch and the change and asked her to show him where President Leguia lived. He told her that he would like so much to see him and his little Indian servant. After he

was directed to the house, Pemko bade the lady goodbye and mounted his llama. He drove by the president's palace, and much to his delight saw him as he walked into his home. He did not see the Indian, but was satisfied at having seen the president.

When Pemko arrived home, he related everything to his mother. He described the little rug to her and asked why she could not use the wool from their llamas. Mrs. Boenos had often wondered the same thing, but she had never inquired about the sale of the wool. She promised Pemko that she would inquire immediately, and she did. The replies which she received from her inquiries were encouraging, for she learned that llama wool was very valuable and in great demand throughout Peru.

Two weeks later an inspector from a large wool factory in Lima came to inspect the fleece on Mrs. Boenos' llamas in order to test its quality. He reported that the quality was far superior to the average and that it should afford her a good income. She agreed to sign a contract with him and sell her output of wool to his dealer at the market price for fifteen years. Her income was indeed great, and increased each year. At the end of fifteen years she renewed her contract and doubled her number of animals. Pemko, the faithful keeper of the llamas, lived happily with his mother and they enjoyed prosperity for many years.

WILLOW TREE

By William Arnette Wofford

Tonight I see a willow tree: I see
It weeping in the dusk on a purple hill,
All lonely and sad, and, oh, so very still . . .
And perfume from its arms blows over me,
Wine-filled and cool, and crisp and newly clean.
The gold and scarlet sobbing of the leaves
Is iced wine within my blood,
Chilling its dull aching, healing my soul serene.

The sad dusk deepens; I walk in shadow light
Under the branches, where there is no sound
Of footsteps on the mossy, gold-strewn ground.
I hear the breath of early autumn throbbing
From silver shadows — like a pool.
And find life's tragic answer from the light
Of the willow tree's sorrow alone in the night.

PHIL'S DATE

By Floyd Banks

A LITTLE after nightfall, Phil Bruceton walked slowly along before the Riverside Apartments, anxiously scanning each doorway in the block-long building. Suddenly he stopped, hesitating between two entrances.

"Now, why in the name of little green apples," he muttered, "didn't I think to write that number down?"

Only that morning, as a senior delegate from Melville to a college convention, he had suddenly met up with Miriam Hawkins, a former classmate. But Miriam, hurrying to meet an appointment, had had time for only a few words. However, she had invited him to call at her apartment that evening, and he had accepted.

True, he remembered now that she had mentioned the number of the apartment, adding, "I'm sure you can find it. It's the place with the climbing rose vines."

But Phil, confident that this description was quite sufficient, had dismissed the number from his mind. And besides — well, he wouldn't have dreamed that Miriam could become that pretty within a short three years. Yes, he admitted, her hair and eyes had disconcerted (and delighted) him—so much so that he had found it impossible to burden his mind with so secular a thing as a house number.

And still he was hesitating. For here were two doorways that, by their very similarity —vines, and all—seemed to mock him in his present dilemma. Moreover, he was due, within the next five minutes, to step up to one of those doors and make known his presence. But which was the right one?

"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo—. Oh well, here goes."

With a feeling that forebode no good, Phil tiptoed up the steps, and drawing a deep breath, he gingerly pressed the bell button. Almost at the same instant his eye fell upon a small sign above the door bearing the name "Brown," whose gilded letters dully reflected the light of a street lamp.

Cripes! Why hadn't he discovered that sign in the first place? He peered around, wondering if it would be possible to retreat as far as the shelter of the hedge before anyone should come to the door. But no use. Too late to back down now. So while Phil awaited an answer to his ring, he mopped his moist brow, and racked his brain for some means of effecting a graceful exit from a more or less embarrassing situation.

"Wonder what 'Cub' would do in a case like this," his thoughts referring back several years to one of his old chums, "Cub" Thompson, whose outstanding characteristic had been his wonderful ability to extricate himself from delicate situations.

The sound of muffled footfall brought Phil back to awful reality. The door opened, and revealed a middle-aged woman. Phil cleared his throat and sought refuge in the first name that came to his mind.

"Er—pardon me, but is Mr. Thompson in?"

The woman's eyes betrayed mild surprise; while to Phil's utter bewilderment and dismay, he heard her reply, "Why yes, come right in."

With a blind disregard for the consequences Phil dazedly followed her through an excellently furnished hall and sitting room, and into a smaller room which very much resembled an office. Phil was not too far gone to notice that one end of this room consisted of book shelves, and that a well-dressed young man, lounging in an easy chair, was apparently absorbed in reading a book.

The woman stopped, and as the young man looked up, she said to him, "Mr. Thompson, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

The well-dressed figure in the easy chair looked at Phil, then stared. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and with outstretched hand, cried, "Phil! by all that's good! How did you ever come to find me here?"

Phil, wondering what it was all about, finally exclaimed, " 'Cub'! If it isn't 'Cub' Thompson! What's the why and how?"

Thompson turned to the woman, who was still standing at the door. "Mrs. Brown, I want you to meet Philip Bruceton, one of my old school buddies, whom I haven't seen in about four years."

And to the other: "Phil, this is Mrs. Brown, the wife of my employer."

The introduction over, Mrs. Brown excused herself and retired from the room, leaving the two young men to swap yarns. But first, Phil demanded an explanation.

"Well, you see," 'Cub' began, "I don't live here. This apartment belongs to Dr. Brown, who is a dentist. I work in his office downtown, and since we are pretty close friends, I often come here evenings to read and study up on the business. Dr. Brown was detained by an important meeting tonight, but he told me to come on over anyway and make myself at home. I was doing that very thing when you blew in. But how did you know I was here?"

"I didn't," Phil grinned. "After I rang, I noticed that sign and knew I was at the wrong place. Then I thought I could get out by inquiring for a fictitious person, and 'Thompson' was the first thing I stumbled onto. But when Mrs. Brown said 'Come in,' I nearly flopped!" He chuckled. "I don't know what I should have done if 'Mr. Thompson' had been anybody else but you."

"That would have called for some tall thinking," "Cub" admitted—then stopping short, and looking at Phil out of the corner of his eye: "By the way, do you remember little Miriam Hawkins—you know, the girl we used to tease you about? Well, I saw her this afternoon and—"

But Phil, suddenly reminded, cut in: "Listen, 'Cub,' old man, I've got to go. I've got a date tonight with that same Miriam—'Cub,' would you ever have believed that she would grow up to be so pretty?—and I'm five minutes late now. So long, and I'll hunt you up tomorrow."

He paused at the door. "By the way, 'Cub,' she didn't tell you I was—"

" 'Course not," interrupted "Cub." Then he added with a sly grin, "But I thought she appeared uncommonly flustered and pleased over something."

A FEW HISTORICAL SPOTS IN UPPER SOUTH CAROLINA

By John Amayser May

THERE are many important places of historical value in South Carolina which pass unnoticed either because we do not know and realize their true importance or because we do not care about them. I cannot let myself believe that the latter is true, because I believe that if the proper attention is called to these places that South Carolinians will appreciate them, and if they but know their real importance and the part they played in making and remaking our great state, will visit them. Time and space will not permit me in a short article like this to include the entire state. If I were writing a book on this subject I would divide the state into sections, or perhaps counties, and devote a chapter to each one. But in this short sketch, I am including only a few of the interesting places in what we call the "up country." Each spot well deserves mention by itself, but here I am only trying to give a small idea of the importance of a few of South Carolina's landmarks.

To begin this historical journey, let us first journey to Abbeville. We can find many old homes here, and stately old buildings and churches. But if I had my choice of visiting places there, I would hurry to the old Burt house, because in this house a memorable deed was done. The last official act of the Confederate cabinet was signed here. In the spring of 1865, when the Confederacy fell, Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were forced to leave Richmond. They were closely pursued by soldiers, but by making many quick get-aways they succeeded in reaching Georgia before they were overtaken. While Davis was a member of the United State Senate, Armistead Burt, of Abbeville, was a member of the lower house and was a personal friend of Davis'. So naturally when Davis and his cabinet neared Abbeville he thought of his old friend Burt and he hurried to his house for the night. News reached them that the Union soldiers were pushing on closer, so they decided to hold the last meeting of the cabinet there. Davis and three members of the body sat down to hold this last meeting of the fallen south on May 6, 1865, in this famous old house. Only a stone's throw away stood Secession Hill, where four years before the first secession meeting was held. Therefore in Abbeville was both the beginning and the end of the Confederacy. The men who had guided the destiny of the south parted company in this old town and Judah P. Benjamin, the secretary of state, placed the great seal of the Confederacy on the last document. There are reports that Benjamin, on leaving, threw the great seal into a well in the yard of the Burt house. Others say that he cast it into the waters of the Savannah River, but so far it has remained a mystery.

On the grounds of Clemson College stands the home of our great Calhoun. This old southern home is a place one should visit with a feeling of reverence, because here Calhoun spent both his happiest and his gloomiest days. The oldest part of the building was erected by Rev. James McElhenny,

who named it "Clergy Hall" because he used it as the rectory. McElhenny and his family occupied the house for some time before they sold it to Calhoun, who added wings to the side of the house and changed the name to "Fort Hill." No man ever loved his home and his farm better. He would arise early and walk over his fields and then return to spend the rest of the day either reading or entertaining in the old building itself. After the death of Calhoun, his son-in-law, Thomas C. Clemson, sold his own farm in Edgefield and moved to Pendleton. At Mr. Clemson's death, he left 1700 acres to the state to establish a college, and Clemson College is active today by virtue of these two men.

While we are in the vicinity of Clemson, let us run over to "Tamassee" and visit the home of another great South Carolinian. "Tamassee" is the home of General Andrew Pickens, and, like the land of Calhoun's place, a school stands there also. The Daughters of the American Revolution have established a school here for the mountain children, and the home of Pickens is a part of the school. General Pickens died in this house on August 11, 1817, and he is buried in the yard of the old stone church not far from the house. A simple monument marks his resting place and the inscription reads: "General Andrew Pickens was born 13th September, 1738, and died 11th August, 1817. He was a Christian, a patriot and soldier. His character and action are incorporated with the history of his country. Filial affection and respect raises this stone to his memory."

Down in Laurens county there stood until the past summer one of the most interesting houses in upper Carolina. "Rosemont," the ancestral home of the Cunninghams, was destroyed by fire last summer and its owner perished in the flames. "Rosemont" was built in 1787 by Patrick Cunningham, who remained loyal to the king during the revolutionary war. After the state was free, the property was taken, but was later restored to the family. Some say that the lumber was shipped from England, but this statement has never been proven. Others claim that the lumber was cut from a nearby forest and shipped to England to be sawed the proper length. The shutters were made in England, but the hinges were forged by the slaves on the plantation. This place was the home of Ann Pamela Cunningham, who was the founder of the Mount Vernon Association. Miss Cunningham organized clubs in every state and toured the country to obtain sufficient funds to save the home of Washington. She was successful in this undertaking and the nation owes the preservation of its greatest shrine to this South Carolina woman. It seems a pity that the beautiful home of the one who saved another home should meet such an ill fate.

May the sons and daughters of our state realize that there are real treasures within our bounds, and may everyone have a share in preserving them for the part they played in the times that have passed.

"LOST!"

By Marvin Holloway

ONE sight-seeing in north Georgia is likely to get very hot and tired as he climbs the hills and is ushered slowly into the valleys by the sloping planes. The cool mountain air seems to bring very little relief to the ones who venture over its terrain. Hundreds leave behind them the cares of material labor to visit and enjoy the beautiful sights that Nature has prepared for them. Probably the masterpiece of Nature's work in Georgia is to be found in the form of the boiling white waves at Tallulah Falls.

It is summer. A party of visitors are just crossing the iron bridge about a quarter of a mile above the Falls. Just as they are about to leave, while watching the stream as it plunges and dashes among the rocks below, the eye of one fastens on something clinging to a rock—caught on the very verge of the Falls. Scarcely willing to believe his own vision, he directs the attention of his companions. The terrible news spreads like lightning, and in a few minutes the bridge and surrounding shores are covered with hundreds of spectators.

"Who is he?" "How did he get there?" No voice is heard above the roar of the water. A spy-glass shows frequent efforts on his part to speak to the gathering multitude. Such silent appeals exceed the eloquence of words; they are irresistible. A small boat is soon upon the bridge, is lowered into the stream, and with rope attached sets out upon its fearless voyage, but is instantly sunk. Another and another are tried, but they are swallowed by the angry waters.

Soon the most sturdy life-boat is upon the spot. All eyes are fixed upon it as it is tossed amid the boiling white waves. It survives the roughest waters. One breaker and it will have reached the object of its mission. But being partly filled with water and striking a sunken rock, the next wave sends it to the bottom. An involuntary groan passes through the crowd, and hope scarcely nestles in a single bosom. Silence reigns supreme.

Suddenly in the midst of the profound stillness, over the perfectly unclouded sky, there blew such a violent blast of wind that the very earth seemed to shake. Clouds could be seen assembling in the west, and the wind with its increasing dampness and velocity gave evidence that a storm was approaching. The crowds begin to scatter—to seek shelter. The wild fire that was flashing through the heavens was striking, pines and large oaks were crumbling to the ground. Thus through the night the storm raged.

Dawn! — A profound stillness reigned once more. The multitude again rush to the scene of horror. Soon a shout is heard: "He is there— he is still alive!" A carriage arrives upon the bridge, and a woman leaps from it and rushes to the rail. She had driven from Talapoosa, three miles above the Falls; her husband, who had crossed the river night before last, has not returned, and she fears that he may be clinging to that rock. All eyes are turned for a moment toward the anxious woman, and no sooner is a pair of glasses handed to her, fixed upon the object, than she shrieks, "Oh, my husband!" and

sinks senseless to the ground. The excitement, before intense, seems now almost unendurable. Something must again be tried. A small raft is constructed, and, to the surprise of all, swings up beside the rock to which the sufferer has clung for the last forty-eight hours. He instantly throws himself at full length upon it. Many are pulling at the end of the rope, and with skillful management a few yards is gained toward the nearest shore. The poor man's strength is almost gone; each wave lessens his grasp more and more, but all will be safe if the nearest wave is passed. But that next surging billow breaks his hold upon the raft, and with hands clenched, and eyes that are taking their last look upon earth, he shrieks above Tallulah's eternal roar, "Lost!" and sinks forever from the gaze of man.

A STAR THAT TWINKLES

By L. C. Harrelson

Each day new visions here unfold
The tasks of life ahead, you see.
The treasures here we find control:
They make our lives more pure and free.

The voice of truth, it makes content,
And frees our restlessness, our pain;
Through it alone our lives are spent
In joy, and gladness will remain.

Our hearts are filled with songs of love,
It soothes, it drives away each fear:
As in the sky we see a dove
So peaceful, singing year by year.

Now show us here the star of truth,
That none in latter years complain;
While yet we dwell in days of youth,
Then we will not have lived in vain.

THE MORNING AFTER

By Johnny Haynes

(This stirring little romance of eighteenth century customs of marriage in the North Carolina mountains has been vouched for as the truth by reliable persons, who have the tale from their grandfathers.)

BILL WATSON had decided to get married. And when Bill decided to do something, he never wasted any time. Action always followed quickly on the heels of decision. Bill was a backwoodsman, living under the shade of the oaks in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains of western North Carolina. He was twenty-three years old and had never been outside of the county in which he lived. He was huge of stature, measuring six feet two inches upward, and his hands resembled those of that greatest of all backwoodsmen, Lincoln. His face always presented a stern expression, too stern for a young man of his age, and his general outlook on life and his place in society was in sympathy with his limited knowledge of the world outside.

Bill had been considering the question of a matrimonial venture for several months.

The death of his mother and only living relative had suddenly raised it to one of great importance. The fact that he found it very inconvenient to prepare his meals had been the chief reason for the sudden propagation of the issue.

There were several eligible young ladies within a radius of ten miles of his home, any one of whom, he felt, were suitable for his purpose. All of them, to his certain knowledge, were good cooks, and all were practically of the same age. Bill didn't waste very much thought on which of the three was best suited. He decided that he would ask the one who happened to live the nearest his home. If she for any reason turned him down (he didn't consider this at all probable, hardly possible), he would try the next.

Sunday morning (which is a holiday even in the backwoods) following his decision, he hitched the old gray mare to the one hoss shay and started for the home of the young woman to which he had decided to offer his love and protection. He wasn't worried over the proposition. In fact, he had not even considered what he was to say upon his arrival. He considered himself a friend of the family and knew that he would be welcome. He had never, not once, even so much as hinted to any of them that he was likely to ask for the hand of the daughter some day. In fact, he had never hinted it to himself.

He arrived at the home exactly one hour after his departure. The family's name was Roland and the name of the future bride was Lula. The Roland family was a respectable one and had lived in that neck of the woods in the same house for many years. They had moved there the same year that the father of Bill had made his appearance.

Bill stepped from the wagon and walked without ceremony into the house. The family was preparing to go to church. He wasted no time on greetings. He spoke the following words to the father: "I come down here to ask you for Lula, and I don't care whether she takes me or not."

This statement seems to the average person reason enough for the father of the girl to have ordered Bill off the premises, but no such thing happened. The people knew Bill and knew also that he meant exactly what he said. He wanted to marry the girl, but if the matter wasn't perfectly satisfactory, he didn't care. The answer came as quickly as the question was put, "She will be glad enough to marry you, I guess."

"Well, tell her to hurry. We can git the preacher to do the thing before the services git started."

Lula came down adorned in her one and only nice dress. It was nice as dresses go in the mountain country — made of gingham cloth, with white and red stripes running vertically. She was not what a judge at a Galveston beauty contest would have called beautiful. However, she was pretty in the style of the mountain girl. Long black hair was loosely thrown into a bundle at the top of her head. Her complexion was dark and her skin rather rough from constant exposure to the elements, but her face presented a frank and open expression. She smiled at Bill as she walked to his carriage with him. She seemed as happy over her new prospects as if this was the conclusion of a long and passionate courtship on the part of her lover.

The fact that it was a complete surprise and that she had not been consulted at all on the subject, which, it seems, should have been of paramount importance to her, didn't seem to matter.

The ceremony was performed a short time later. It was simple, as all other things are in this secluded section of our country, and all the kinsmen and friends who could reach the church in time were there to witness the marriage. Bill and his bride left as quickly as he could push his way out of the small crowd of spectators.

The morning following the marriage, the thing happened. It would have been a most unusual happening, even for a couple who have been married for a long time. For a newly married pair, it was another case of just too bad. Or so it might seem to us. To Bill it was probably nothing.

At four-thirty o'clock in the morning, he arose, and after quickly dressing, left the house. A few minutes later, he returned, bringing with him a large switch, green, strong and freshly cut from a hickory tree. On entering the room, he strode to the bed in which was lying the bride. Catching her by the arms, he jerked her from the bed and with one hand pulled the gown from her body. After acomplishing this, he applied the hickory switch to her body with mighty lashes. He whipped her unmercifully, until she had almost swooned. Then he calmly explained the reason for this severe treatment. "Lula," he said, "I ain't mad at you, I am just training you. You must learn that I am the only person that you must ever ask anything of from now on, and you must never think. I will do all the thinking. This little switch can do more to train you than all the things I can say though, just remember that."

And Bill and his wife lived a happy life from that day.

THE SPY

By C. Morgan Bowen, Jr.

THE wind whistled between the cracks of the little cabin. Outside it was snowing, the large flakes freezing as they touched the ground. It had been covered for several days and now had all turned to ice.

"Nancy! Nancy!" A low but excited voice was calling from outside the hut.

"What do you want? Who are you?"

"It's Ned." The voice was familiar now. "Let me in, the British are coming." Ned was my brother, and I had always believed that he was one of the best soldiers in the Colonial army. Since the colonies had been at war with England, he had been away from home most of the time. My husband had been killed a year before and Ned was the only man left of the family.

I had been forced to play the part of a man during the last part of the war. My gun was always at my side and ready for any tories who happened to be sneaking about. I knew that the British were in the neighborhood, but didn't dream that Ned was within a hundred

miles of the place. Ned was a successful spy and a particular target for any British soldier. I was, therefore, naturally frightened when I recognized his voice, but quickly opened the door for him.

"Nancy, my horse! It must be hidden! They almost caught me back a mile or so, but I gave them the slip," Ned said.

"Yes," I replied quickly. "Bring the horse into the house."

He ran out again and jumped upon the horse. He rode through the door into the room. I made him stay on the animal while I gave him something to eat. While he was still eating, I was filling his pockets with food.

Suddenly, the sound of hoofbeats was heard on the ice outside. The British were coming. I told Ned to ride the horse through the back door and escape across the river quickly. He knew as I did, however, that it was too late.

"I will lead the beast through the room and stay on the back porch, and God help them if they come this way." This was said in a grim voice.

I returned to the room in front and began talking to the children quite naturally. I had hardly been seated when I saw a face watching me through the crack. I continued talking as if I hadn't seen him. Suddenly I ran into the kitchen where a pot of hot soup was steaming on the stove. I filled a vessel full, returned to the front room and suddenly dashed the entire amount through the crack, full into the face of the peering man. There was a loud howl of pain as he drew back.

There was a knock at the door.

"Who are you? What do you want?" I spoke loudly.

"This is General Brandt. Open quickly." This was a command.

"Who is General Brandt?"

"British officer. Hurry! Open."

I saw that they were determined to come in, so I opened the door.

"Where is the spy who came here?" General Brandt asked.

"Spy. I haven't seen a spy or anyone else." There was only one other man with the general, and he was evidently in great pain. He had gone into the kitchen and was moistening his face with snow. The hot soup had certainly scalded it.

"We can waste no time with this woman. She is lying. Here are the tracks where he came through. By heaven, he rode the horse through the house!" The general was talking to the man with the burned face. "He must have gone through the back door and across the river." As he said this the man in the kitchen opened the back door and stepped on the porch. As he did, a shot rang out and he dropped.

The general sprang behind the door as Ned fell behind the man he had just killed for protection. At the same time, General Brandt fired straight at Ned, who had raised his head in order to see into the room. He missed.

I sprang toward the corner of the room, where my gun was standing. The general was not watching me. Just as he raised his gun and fired at Ned again, I fired at him. Both men fell simultaneously. It was the end for a British general and for a Colonial spy.

NEW MYTH

By Clyde Nelson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—many myths have come to light concerning Lincoln, even since the late war. Thomas P. Corbett, who is said to have shot Booth, the assassin of the great president, was a religious fanatic. He said he joined up with the church after he "got religion" and took unto himself a new name, because, as he said, Christ had given the apostles new names. He called himself Boston, after the city of his rebirth, because he had been born in some city of the British empire. He was a hat-finisher by trade, and was always attempting to reform his co-workers. He was kicked out of the city of Richmond for trying to convert the south on its attitude toward slave holdings. He was preaching in 1861 and suddenly announced to his congregation that he was going to enlist in Lincoln's army. He told them that he was going to say to the rebels, "God have mercy on your souls," and then "pop them off."

Boston Corbett thereafter told Colonel Butterfield, commander of his regiment, that he mustn't break God's laws by swearing at his troops, and when they placed him in the guard house for this speech, he swore fervently. He was told that he would be released if he would apologize to the Colonel. He replied, however, that he would not, since he had only offended the Coloned, whereas the Colonel had offended God. When he was finally released, he said, "I had a fine time in there with God and my Bible." He was a member of the 16th regiment of the New York cavalry when that outfit was cornered at Culpeper court house in Virginia. On that occasion Corbett held twenty-six Confederate troops at bay single handed and was highly praised by the southern commander for his bravery. He was clubbing his adversaries when his ammunition ran out. He was swatting them in the sight of God, he said.

He was a maniac against killing anything ordinarily. On one occasion he fainted when he saw a woman cut off a chicken's head. When he heard that the son of his old friend Booth had murdered Lincoln, he declared that the man would be delivered into his hands. Two days later the flames crackled and it was revealed that the same Booth was hiding in a barn. His outline was revealed faintly through the shadows made by the fire. A shot rang out into the night air. It was a shot fired by Corbett, against all orders, but the beginning of the end for Booth. Colonel Conger, in charge of the troops, exclaimed at Corbett, "Why did you fire against orders?"

"God almighty directed me," Corbett answered.

"I guess he did," Conger answered, "or you couldn't have hit him through that crack in the barn."

THE SIN OF RACHEL QUEED

By William Arnette Wofford

THE first silver stars, looking in through the kitchen window at Hill House, hung as silver points on the darkened blurr of the window panes, and stood out in bold relief with the yellow flame of the old glass lamp that burned on the kitchen table. A fire reddened the lids of the old range stove. Outside of this there was no other light. And the old kitchen was very quiet, save for the soft movements of an iron which Rachel Queed ran up and down on a faded calico dress.

At fifty-five, Rachel Queed was a tired old woman, waiting for the release of death. A quarter of century of cruel, brutal, drab toil had been packed into her life. She had bent under its burden. She wasn't old in years, but she was old. For her there had never been any restful, happy middle period. First she was young, then, all at once, she knew she was quite old. She had been old a long time. She asked nothing of life outside of what it offered her. And life had not offered Rachel Queed anything but colorless toil and dull misery.

The sound of the kitchen door opening made her look up. Her eighteen-year-old daughter, Maggie-Bell, entered the room. Maggie-Bell wore a plain calico house dress, the kind she always wore, and her dark brown hair was brushed straight back. She was thin and stooped and taller than her mother. Her face was thin, too, but there was something in her eyes and about her mouth that made her almost pretty. But if life was no kinder to her in the years to come than it was to the bent, stooped woman ironing before her, Maggie-Bell Queed's life would be no different than Rachel Queed's.

A tired smile played over Rachel's face when she saw Maggie-Bell. She always had a smile for her daughter, for Maggie-Bell was the one bright spot in her dull life.

"How is your head, dear?" she asked, as her daughter stepped nearer.

"It's some better, Mother; but I'll never get over it if you don't let me go to the dance tomorrow night. Oh, Mother, you've simply got to! I'll die if I don't get to go!" Her voice rose high with excitement.

Her mother raised up and looked at her. Then she lowered her eyes once again on the dress she was ironing.

"Maggie-Bell, dear, you know I would let you go. But you know how your father is. Dancing! You know it's against his principles."

"But all the girls will be there. And I'm going too! I'm sick of Father saying I can't do this and I can't do that. He can't keep me cramped down any longer. Look at us both! Slaves, both of us! And what do we get for it? An old weather-beaten house upon a hill that's 'bout to fall in, and fields to plant and hoe and break our backs, and wear only such things as you're ironing now! Oh, Mother, how can you stand it any longer? I've got to have that new dress at Caskin's before tomorrow night! I've got to! You must get it for me."

"Maggie-Bell! You're speaking of your father, remember! What if he heard you say things like that. Dear, you frighten me. It hurts me to hear you talk like that."

"I'm sorry, Mother, but I just couldn't help it. I'm tired of wearing calico. I must have one nice dress, I tell you. If I can get that new dress for the party, I can slip away without Father knowing anything about it, and go with May Bishop to the dance. I'll let Robert Smith bring me back in his father's new buggy, only I'll get out down the road a piece so the noise of the wheels won't wake him. You can tell him I've gone to bed sick, and he'll never know I went."

Rachel Queed ironed on in silence. She did not answer for a long time. Then she spoke in a small, frightened voice.

"But, Maggie-Bell, if you could manage it that way, how would you manage to buy that new dress? You know I haven't any money, dear, and as for asking your father. . . ."

When Maggie-Bell answered, her voice, too, was low and almost inaudible with excitement.

"Mother, it wouldn't be a sin for you and me to get it from Father's money box he keeps hid in the barn. Oh, I know that's where he keeps it. Besides, we've slaved and starved ourselves and made it possible for him to have most of it. Now, I want my share of it. Twenty-five dollars, Mother, dear, would get me that pretty dress and new slippers and stockings to match; and Father would never miss the money."

For one brief moment Rachel Queed was too startled to speak. All color left her face. She became so weak she could scarcely stand. What was Maggie-Bell saying? Steal from Caleb's money box in the hay! Why, that would be a sin, a terrible black sin which God would punish her for doing. God would never forgive her. It said in the Bible: "Thou shalt not steal." No, she could never do that. Never. But if she didn't, there could be no party dress for Maggie-Bell. Maggie-Bell could not go to the party and be happy as she longed to be. In a little while she would be old and there would be no parties to go to. Besides, didn't Maggie-Bell deserve it? Wasn't everything she had said only too true? Quite simply Rachel Queed made up her mind.

"It's a sin for me to do it, Maggie-Bell, but I'm going to. I'll have to do a lot of praying before God forgives me, but I figure as how you deserve one good time while you're young. You ain't never had a good time before. Fetch the lantern over there by the safe. We'll go get that money before your father gets home from Adair's. When I have got it for you, I want you to go right down to Caskin's store and get him to let you have it tonight. It's way after his closing time, but tell him I said do it for you. He will. Do it tonight, Maggie-Bell, for tomorrow I won't have the courage."

Rachel Queed sat her iron on the old table and placed the ironing board behind the safe. Then she and Maggie-Bell went out into the night towards the barn. The lantern's bright flame made patches of light on the black earth. Rachel Queed felt her heart racing. Could sin be so exciting?

When they reached the barn, Maggie-Bell held the lantern while her mother climbed the ladder that led to the hay loft. Then she slowly climbed it too, the lamp in one hand

while she used the other to draw herself up. Soon they were in the part of the barn where the money box lay hidden. Rachel stooped and ran her hand about in the hay until she felt something hard and cold touch her hand. The money box! She began to tremble violently, but soon had the box in her hand. Maggie-Bell held the lamp quite close so that she could count out the money. Her fingers counted out twenty-five worn bills, which she handed to the eager girl. Then she closed the iron lid and placed the box back under the hay. Silently, without a whisper, they descended the ladder. And without a word, Rachel Queed saw her daughter run away down the path until she melted in the darkness.

Back again in the kitchen, she blew out the lantern and placed it under the kitchen table. At that moment she heard a stick tapping vigorously on the floor above her. Caleb's mother wanted her. She sighed wearily as she left the kitchen to go attend the old woman's wants.

She climbed the stairs and entered Mrs. Queed's room. Rachel found her sitting up in bed, her head on a pile of pillows. Long, thin white strands of hair hung down over her hollowed cheeks and almost hid the thick column of her neck. As soon as Rachel opened the door the old woman began to talk in sharp, shrill tones that were so much like Caleb's.

"I see you don't care to pay any attention to an old woman," she said with resentment. "The fire's gone out and it's cold in here; but a lot you care whether I freeze or not."

Rachel Queed pretended not to have heard, and quickly put more coal on the fire. She was so tired of the old woman's cutting cruel words, so very tired. It seemed to her that Caleb's invalid mother had been a part of her life at Hill House always. All during the day Rachel Queed went about her strenuous household tasks with quiet steps. To fail to hear Mrs. Queed's rappings with her cane would bring down not only the old woman's wrath upon her, but her husband's wrath as well. She wondered if death would never claim the old woman; and at that terrible thought she wondered what Mrs. Queed would say if she but knew what sin she, Rachel Queed, had committed before entering the room. She tried to force herself to see a poor, aged invalid, but she could only see a hideous old woman, her white hair straggling in disorder, with cruel words ever upon her lips.

"I want better treatment than what I get here at Hill House," the rasping tones of the old woman reached Rachel again. "You think because Caleb has gone off till near midnight to see about those hogs you can treat his poor old mother any way, don't you? But I tell you, I won't have it! I will tell Caleb when he comes in. The very minute he gets here, I'll let him know how you neglect me. I refuse to be left up here alone and at the mercy of you who do not love me. No telling what mischief you've been up to. What have you been doing while Caleb's gone? You've been quiet as a mouse. I demand to know what you've been doing!"

Rachel Queed told herself she could stand no more. She would scream if the old woman didn't hush. She suddenly wanted to scream out that she couldn't bear to hear another word; but instead she said simply:

"I do not hate you. You give yourself all sorts of queer ideas about me. I have no idea of neglecting you. I have been busy ironing downstairs in the kitchen." With these words, she went out the door before Mrs. Queed could say anything more.

She must get away, she told herself; she must get by herself and realize what she had done. She seemed to be somebody else standing afar off watching the woman she knew to be her own self.

She went back down to the kitchen. An old battered mantel clock ticked away the minutes. She looked at it. Quarter past eight. She wondered why Maggie-Bell did not come back. Perhaps she had stopped at May Bishop's house to show her the new dress for the party. Yes, that was it. And Caleb had gone to Joel Adair's for some hogs right after supper and wouldn't be back till after eleven. She told herself she would have time to go down to the woods near the foot of the hill where she always went when she found time to be alone. She threw an old cloak about her shoulders and went out the kitchen door.

She walked slowly down the hill, lifting her face to the cold night air. She had sinned tonight; she let the heavy darkness deepen, as if it could cleanse her.

The length of the path from her own house dwindled under her feet. There at the foot of the hill was the old oak tree, standing lonely and silent in the quiet darkness. She leaned against it, and a tired languish swept over her. The earth lay like a silver sheet splotched with blackness, and she wished suddenly that she were part of it. The earth was so peaceful and still, and there she could rest forever. She heard the breath of late autumn throbbing, and where a few silver stars peeped through sad, naked branches, dead leaves showed, too tired in death to flutter down. The wind in the great oak tree was not unfriendly either, but beautiful, like a great organ.

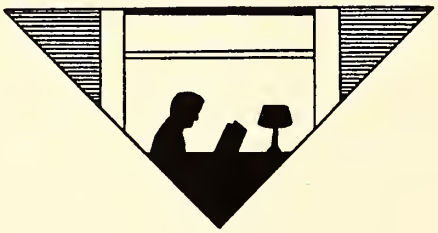
Rachel Queed felt tears on her cheeks. She was crying. Sin did this to you, then. Sin made you cry. And Rachel Queed hadn't cried in years. She hadn't had time. She rested her head back against the tree trunk and let the tears roll down her cheeks. She did not heed them. "God forgive me," she kept sobbing. "Oh, God, forgive me, forgive me, God."

Once again within sight of Hill House on the hillside above her, she realized for the first time how old the house really was. Ancient, and ready to decay, it now leaned drably on the wintry hill, while high overhead a lone crow was blown over by the dismal wind.

When she had regained the warmth of the kitchen, the rap of a can drifted down to her and accentuated her loneliness. The lamp on the kitchen table drew black shadows on the wall. Afraid of her thoughts and the loneliness that walled her in and beat mercilessly against her brain, with the lamp in one hand, she moved in the hall toward the dark stairs. At the first landing she stopped, and stood still, listening, a lonely, pitiful figure holding a lamp. Then she sat down on the stairs in the dark. She wished she were dead. She might live years and years. Youth was so short. Old age was so long. She heard the silent swishing of the wings of time as they beat against her there in the

dark. Far off, she listened to the ghost of her own voice: "Oh, God, take me away. . . . Take me away. . . ." But Time was something that had to go on and on. Life was but a pattern of dark black woven upon the same dark loom. And however much one tried, one could never escape that. Always there was tomorrow and tomorrow. Oh, dear God, keep tomorrow far away!

Outside, the wind swept mournfully through the branches of the trees. It made an eerie sound as she arose and slowly went up the stairs. Tomorrow, the lonely bitterness of winter would set in.



Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—Clyde Nelson.
Business Manager—Gerald Michaux.
Circulation Manager—Watson Painter.
Literary Editor—Harold Miller.
Literary Editor—B. A. Foster, Jr.
Literary Editor—William Wofford.

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the student body.

Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

EDITORIALS

Poetry

Poetry is the most stimulating and thoroughly enjoyable of all forms of literature. And, as Dr. Pugh has said so often, all of us were born with the poetic instinct. Poetry is an earlier form than prose. Many of us would be surprised, if we concentrated on the jingling of a few verses now and then, at the result.

"The Journal" offers five dollars to the student who adds the best two verses to the poem below. The first verse was written by a student who was unable to finish it. In one line it varies from any regular poetic form, but with two verses added and some thought included may be made into a stimulating poem. Such lines as "Enchanted silence held her breath" are interesting.

The lines must be handed to one of the editors before December 15th.

It was midnight
  And the Moonlight
Cast its strange and mystic spell
  Enchanted silence held her breath.
And then the tower bell
  Tolled out the dismal hours,
The drear and spectral hours.
  Twelve times I heard the tolling
Of this weird and eerie knell.

. . . . . .

We wouldn't make ourselves responsible for some of this weather-beaten junk. But what could a corporal do when Napoleon ordered him to finish a job—and what have you anyway or what could you give or offer or suggest or take—just take this letter, or take anything you can get, or shut up, you weasels. And what had I started to say? Well, it doesn't matter.

Our Careless Attitude

In this day of advanced education, new and superior ideas concerning science, psychology and biology and others, it has become evident that too many college students are becoming skeptic concerning matters of religion. We do not believe that if the average student were asked concerning his stand on religion that he would deny his belief in God or Christ, but he will answer that it doesn't concern him at the present time. We have become perverted and disillusioned and present a careless attitude. Careful study and thought will convince any serious student that such an attitude cannot pay a dividend. The longer we wait to thoroughly convince ourselves that certain matters of religion are fundamental, the harder it will be. It's like stopping a bad habit.

The birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ are simple matters of history. The fact that He did live and work are not questioned by the most skeptical. What of His life then?

Do we ever consider the utter loneliness of the Man just before His advent to Calvary, when He uttered the words "it is finished"? Here was the greatest spectacle of love ever exhibited before human eyes. We have many examples of sacrifice, but they all dwindle into insignificance before this magnificent spectacle.

We try to say that we have become internationally minded, but the gospel of Jesus Christ is universal. There is no other religion or substitute which can offer, even if we look upon the matter from a selfish viewpoint, the things that Christianity can. There are no racial, national or geographic distinctions. The emperor of China has recently become converted to Christianity, but can we imagine the president of the United States becoming a disciple of Buddha?

Where can we find anything anywhere to substitute for such expressions as, "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," or "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life"? —C.N.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

John A. May, *Editor*

"Columbia College Criterion." — "The Criterion" has started this year off with the same pace that was set last year. By that we mean that the magazine is still interesting and it contains some work of literary merit. But above all we would commend you most for the two articles dealing with the historical subjects. Heretofore our college magazines have neglected to publish many interesting and worthwhile sketches on this important subject. Miss Guilds has a real history in her notes on Berkeley, and Miss Tolbert has brought us some very interesting facts about the Cunningham home, "Rosemont." However, your magazine is not devoted too much to one subject. Your readings on college life are fair, and so is the poetry. Miss Holler's "Ideal Honeymoon" is a rather good dream and we agree with her.

"The Subemeco," Sue Bennett College, London, Ky.—You have a fine little magazine, but your stories should have more care. Such articles as "A Co-ed at a Football Game" have no place in a literary magazine, but on the other hand, Miss Taylor's real true-to-life story, "What Price Football," redeems the bad points of the others. Your poetry and editorials are also good.

"The Wofford Journal" will be glad to exchange with any college magazine. Please send your exchanges direct to our exchange editor, Johnnie May, 125 College Place, Spartanburg, S. C.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

I hold it true, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones,
Of their dead selves to higher things.
—Tennyson.

Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.
—Tennyson.

No more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach him thought and amiable words
And courtliness and the desire of fame
And love of truth and all that makes the man.
—Tennyson.

The day of small nations has passed away: the day of empires has come.—Joseph Chamberlain.

Life's a pudding full of plums;
Care's a canker that benumbs,
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes.
—William Gilbert.

Beauty and Truth, tho' never found, are worthy to be sought.—Robert Buchanan.

To appreciate heaven well
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell. —Will Carleton.

Arise, O Soul, and gird thee up anew,
Though the black camel Death kneel at thy gate;
No beggar thou that for alms should sue,
Be the proud captain still of thine own fate.
—James Kenyon.

For God's sake, give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Death is an angel with two faces:
To us he turns a face of terror,
Blighting all things fair;
The other burns with glory of the stars,
And love is there.
—Theodore Williams.

After all, there is but one race—humanity.
—George Moore.

If I should die tonight
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"
—Benjamin King, Jr.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?
—George Withers.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally,—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

—Henry Carey.

YOU GAZE AT A STAR FOR TWO MOTIVES—BECAUSE IT IS LUMINOUS AND BECAUSE IT IS IMPENETRABLE. YOU HAVE BY YOUR SIDE A SWEETER RADIANCE AND A GREATER MYSTERY—WOMAN.

—Victor Hugo.

A banker, a beggar, a wench and a queen,—
There's a difference, they say, that I haven't seen;
I'll admit that a banker should handle more "dough"
Than all the beggars I happen to know;
And I vow that a wench will hardly dress like
The radiant queen on a carnival night;
But a maid is a maid, and a man is a man,—
Tho' a color be black or a color be tan:
And the beggar may laugh and the banker may sigh,
But both eat potatoes and both have to die.

—W. I. Kline.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool—
Shun him;
He who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple—
Teach him;
He who knows and knows not that he knows, he is asleep—
Wake him;
He who knows and knows he knows, he is wise—
Follow him. —Arabian proverb.

Hard work is still the road to prosperity, and there is no other.—Lincoln.

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out alright, what is said about me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Lincoln.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me pood indeed. —Shakespeare.

The fear of the future is worse than the fortune of the present moment.—Quintilian.

If you want work well done, select a busy man; the other kind has no time.—Elbert Hubbard.

The veil that covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.—Bulwer.

EYES AND EARS

(The Latest in Books, Cinema and Drama)

A new biography of man's great satirist has recently appeared. It is "Swift," by Carl Van Doren, the well known author and critic. In the words of his latest biography, Jonathan Swift "aimed at mankind the most venemous arrow that scorn has yet let loose."

John Masefield's first book since his appointment as the Poet Laureate of England has just been published. It is "The Wanderer of Liverpool." The Wanderer is a "full-rigged ship, unutterably fair," and Masefield has told of the building, the launching, the voyages and the end of the same sailing ship. Most of the story is in prose, but some, including the loss of the ship, is in verse.

Each month, Photoplay Magazine selects the six best motion pictures. The selections of the staff for October are: "The Big Trail," "Outward Bound," "Lilliom," "The Sea Wolf," "The Spoilers," and "Half Shot at Sunrise."

Several of the well known picture stars are now touring the country, appearing in the legitimate drama. Colleen Moore and Vilma Banky have apparently forsaken the screen for the stage. The former is playing in "Cindy" and Miss Banky and her husband, Rod La Roque, are appearing in a comedy by John Emerson and Anita Loos, entitled, "Cherries Are Ripe."

One of the most versatile character actors in the motion picture world today is Walter Huston. Within the short space of six or eight months, he has appeared in three excellent dramas, and his three characterizations are as divergent as could be expected. They are those of a Mexican outlaw, a president, and a general. Who can ever forget his masterful portrayals of Pancho Lopez in "The Bad Man," Abraham Lincoln in the picture of that name, and of the Cossack general in "The Virtuous Sin"?

For the first time in the 29 years since the award was established, an American has won the Nobel prize for literature. This year, Sinclair Lewis has been designated winner. The Swedish Academy lets it be known that their choice was primarily based on "Babbitt," but that they appreciate also "Elmer Gantry" and "Dodsworth."

In our opinion, the greatest actors on the screen are Walter Huston, William Powell, Ronald Colman, George Arliss and John Barrymore. And again, the greatest actresses are Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton and Greta Garbo.

One of the most charming biographies to appear so far during the fall is that of "John Wesley," by John Donald Wade, professor of English at Vanderbilt University. He has written this as a result of a year's study in England, made possible by a Guggenheim fellowship.

BREIF REVIEWS

"God Without Thunder" — John Crowe Ransom. The subtitle of this book is "An Unorthodox Defense of Orthodoxy."

"The John Riddell Murder Case"—Corey Ford. This is a parody on the current mystery and detective stories. There are excellent take-offs on Van Dine and others.

"Moving Forward"—Henry Ford. This is a rather interesting book which gives intimate glimpses of the giant Ford factory. Mr. Ford also gives his ideas on industry, capital and labor, and labor-saving devices. Whether you agree with him or not, the book is well worth reading.

"Best Poems of 1930" — Selected by Thomas Moult. This is a collection of the best magazine verse published in England and America during the current year.

"In Our Time"—Ernest Hemingway. This is a new edition of Hemingway's first volume of short stories. He will be remembered as the young and talented author of "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms."

"On Forsyte 'Change"—John Galsworthy. Mr. Galsworthy is probably today the outstanding contemporary writer. This is his latest volume of stories, and is an excellent collection.

"THE DEEPENING STREAM"
By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Mrs. Fisher's latest novel covers quite a lot of territory. The action starts on the bank of the Hudson, thence continues through several college towns in the middle west, twice to Paris, and at last back to Rustdorf on the Hudson.

This newest story is very long, being divided into four parts, each of which is a period of development in the person of the main character.

Mrs. Fisher exhibits the same artistry that has characterized her former books, such as "The Brimming Cup."

BANCROFT HAS MOST DIFFICULT ROLE OF HIS CAREER IN "DERELICT"

The most difficult motion picture of George Bancroft's career, from the various standpoints of physical hardship, labor, technical problems and actual danger, soon will be released by Paramount.

It is "Derelict," a spectacular drama of the sea, that has been made a production of epic proportions under the direction of Rowland V. Lee, director of Bancroft's two previous successes, "The Wolf of Wall Street" and "Ladies Love Brutes."

One of the incidents requiring great courage came when Bancroft stood in a narrow outboard cabin of a 4,000-ton ship, knowing than any second another vessel of equal tonnage was to crash, bow on, through the steel bulkhead of the hull at his side.

A second came when he stood on the deck of a vessel waiting for twenty-five tons of water to come sweeping down upon him from a trap tank sixty feet up a steep incline at his back. In neither case was the star allowed to set himself for the blow, or to give any indication that he anticipated it.

The ships' collision scene in "Derelict" was filmed far out on the Pacific, off the cost of Lower California, and is said to be one of the most spectacular ever made for a motion picture. It was recorded in full sound by a special laboratory installed on a lower deck of one of the vessels.

The storm sequences, in which huge waves sweep over the side of the ship on which Bancroft and his men are standing, were filmed

at San Pedro Harbor, California. The force of each wave was sufficient to knock the men from their feet and to sweep them to the opposite side of the ship. All of them, including Bancroft, were severely bruised and battered.

THREE CHILD STARS OF "TOM SAWYER" COME FROM THEATRICAL FAMILIES

Heredity has played a strong part in the success of the three children who carry the leading roles in Paramount's production of Mark Twain's immortal story, "Tom Sawyer."

Jackie Coogan, who plays Tom; Mitzi Green, who is Becky Thatcher, and Junior Durkin, the Huck Finn, all are from theatrical families.

Jackie's parents were both stage folk. His father, Jack Coogan, was one of the best soft-shoe, eccentric dancers of the vaudeville stage. His mother was Lillian Dolliver, who at the age of five was known as Baby Lillian in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and was later in vaudeville with Rena Rogers.

Mitzi's father and mother are Joe Keno and Rosie Green, well-known as a vaudeville team. Her mother, whose last name Mitzi has adopted, was once a Ziegfeld specialty dancer and was featured with Fannie Brice and Mae Murray. Mitzi's father began with an Arab troupe of acrobats at the age of thirteen and later traveled with a comedy act of his own through America and Europe, making appearances before King George and King Alfonso.

Junior Durkin's mother was Florence Edwards, well-known stock and New York actress before her marriage. Junior has two sisters, Grace and Gertrude, both of whom have been in numerous stage productions. Gertrude toured in vaudeville with Junior in "The Little Vagabond" for a season after the latter's success on Broadway as Bill, the boy in "Courage."

JACK OAKIE STILL LIVES SIMPLY DESPITE ELEVATION TO STARDOM

Jack Oakie, the star of Paramount's nautical comedy, "Sea Legs," practices what he preaches.

A short time after his elevation to stellar ranking, Oakie answered a question by saying that a screen luminary should save his money, retain the same size hat and keep his feet on the ground.

At that time Oakie lived with his mother in a modestly-furnished frame house just off Hollywood Boulevard and drove a small, low-priced automobile.

Today he lives in the same house and drives the same car.

"No hillside mansions and rolling palaces for me," says America's joy friend. "Not yet, anyway. I'm happy where I am. My bed is comfortable, and there is plenty of room for my feet under the dining room table.

"My car gets me places, and brings me back, so what more could I ask?

"The guy who thinks he is a 'big shot' in this business just because he has a little success is apt to wake up some morning with a bad headache and an empty pocketbook. I figure I have had plenty of luck, and I intend to make the most of it."

LETTERS OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The Letters of James Whitcomb Riley have at last been put into permanent form. Dr.

William Lyon Phelps has chosen, wisely and well from a great many letters, those which he feels are most important, both for the subjects discussed and for the revelation of the man. The volume is certainly one of the most important literary events of the year.

James Whitcomb Riley is perennial, the charm of his poetry does not die. October 7, 1930, was the 81st anniversary of his birth and was celebrated throughout the schools and libraries of the country and in magazine and newspaper articles. Though Riley was born in the year of the gold-rush and has been dead for almost fifteen years, the homely naturalness of his poetry never becomes outmoded.

As for the man himself, nothing ever written about him reveals him so clearly as do his own letters. He counted among his friends many noted people and the book includes some of his letters to Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris, Charles A. Dana, Edward W. Bok, Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving, Meredith Nicholson, Booth Tarkington, Rudyard Kipling, George Ade and a great many others.

His most delightful letters, perhaps, were those written to his friend and co-humorist, Bill Nye. Their work together, lecturing and writing, formed a beautiful and lasting friendship between them. The letters to Nye are often self-revealing and always charming.

Beginning in 1876 when Riley was 27 years old, the letters continue to 1916, the year of his death. One finds in them Riley's serious attitude toward his work and indeed toward all poetry. He was tremendously interested and appreciative of the work of his contemporaries, and later, when his fame became widespread, he was of immense inspiration to younger writers. In 1895 Riley was writing to William Carey of the Century Magazine about "an especially gifted and 'versi-talented' friend of mine, who is going to New York to 'brush up ag'in things' gently in the art, dramatic and literary line," which referred to his life-long friend, Booth Tarkington.

"The Letters of James Whitcomb Riley" is illustrated by facsimiles of letters, and the book was published on November 7th.

"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS"

By Louis Bromfield

Were the major novelists of America to be enumerated, Louis Bromfield would unquestionably head the list. He comes so perilously close to genius that one is tempted to speak that exact term in connection with him. And his new novel, his first in two years, is at once the most significant and outstanding book of the entire autumn output. That is strong praise indeed, for there are some good ones to be reckoned with, not to overlook new ones by Booth Tarkington and Rosamond Lehmann.

"Twenty-Four Hours" is brilliant in execution, distinctive in method, taking up the lives of half a score of people who are gathered at a dinner party in an apartment in Sutton Place. In the period between two sunsets, the story moves forward to a tragic climax in less than twenty-four hours. In the unskilled hands of a lesser artist, each character whose life he weaves into the lives of the others would have made a novel in itself.

As for Bromfield's touch and beauty of expression, "Twenty-Four Hours" does not possess that haunting quality that made

"Early Autumn," his Pulitzer Prize novel, so memorable. But his new work is not a picture of fast decaying New England life as was that bleak "Early Autumn." However, there is beauty of expression when the book calls for it.

Charles Chaplin, master of comedy, rehearsed his friend, Douglas Fairbanks, in a swift farce routine at the United Artists Studios during preparations for "Reaching for the Moon," with Bebe Daniels.

The internationally famous comedian visited the sets of the Irving Berlin production. Edmund Goulding, director, was putting Fairbanks through a rehearsal for a cocktail scene in a luxurious steamer cabin.

Chaplin made a suggestion for the farce action, declaring it needed a certain tempo. Fairbanks, Goulding and Berlin invited him to take charge of the scene. Scores of players and executives gathered on the set to watch Chaplin act out the scene and then direct Fairbanks in it.

Others who participated in the action under the encouraging eye of the comedian were Bebe Daniels, leading lady, and Edward Everett Horton.

Eddie Cantor will return to the stage within a short time. The vehicle will be a comedy of his own authorship. Its first presentation will be in Los Angeles, possibly followed by San Francisco and other coast towns.

Cantor's partial retraction of his retirement, announced as the comedian completed his stage appearance in the Ziegfeld success, "Whoopee" and before his picturization of the play for Samuel Goldwyn, is in the belief that picture possibilities of no play can be determined until it is actually seen on the stage.

By giving it theatre presentation first, Cantor will try out story and material for his second picture, to follow the sensationally successful "Whoopee" that inaugurated his talking picture career.

"HELL'S ANGELS"

"Hell's Angels," the most expensive film ever produced, was available to exhibitors throughout the United States and Canada through United Artists Corporation, beginning November 15th.

Mr. Howard Hughes's multi-million dollar epic of the air is now being presented simultaneously on Broadway at the Criterion and the Gaiety Theatres, at $2 prices, all seats reserved. It also is being shown at advanced prices in Boston, Cincinnati and Detroit, and opens at the Pavilion in London at $2 prices on October 27th.

Nowhere has the picture been exhibited at popular prices or in a motion picture theatre of regular runs, and even now the public expectation with which this film has been awaited for three and a half years, the $4,000,000 that are represented in its production, and the demonstrated public enthusiasm evidenced at the $2 showings combine to ensure extended runs for "Hell's Angels" everywhere. In Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood it ran for eighteen continuous weeks,—more than four months. At the Fox Theatre in Seattle, where films change weekly, "Hell's Angels" ran three weeks at advanced prices. Everywhere the film has been exhibited it has played to capacity houses.

November 8th was the release date for "Abraham Lincoln," the D. W. Griffith film now being presented at advanced prices in New York, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore and Washington. Walter Huston heads the cast of this, Mr. Griffith's first talking picture, which was written by Stephen Vincent Benet and Gerrit Lloyd. Una Merkel, Kay Hammond, Jason Robards, Hobart Bosworth, Ian Keith, Lucille LaVerne, E. Alyn Warren, Frank Campeau, Henry B. Walthall, Helen Ware, Ralph Lewis and Lee Shumway are in the supporting cast.

November 29th was the release date for Roland West's "The Bat Whispers," with Chester Morris. This film, the first Mr. West has made since "Alibi" and with the star of "Alibi" in the principal role, is based on the play by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, and it is regarded by Mr. West as superior to his "Alibi." Una Merkel, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Ben Bard, Maude Eburne, William Bakewell, Wilson Benge and Richard Tucker are in the supporting cast. Mr. West himself adapted the story and Ray June, who photographed "Alibi," is the photographer.

—C.N.

The DuPre Book Store

BOOKS
and
STUDENT SUPPLIES

Students Cordially Welcomed

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

Buy Once to Last a Lifetime

CONFIDENCE, VALUE, SAFETY

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY

146 East Main Street

"PLUG" OSBORNE (Wofford, '17)
RALPH CRUTCHFIELD (Wofford, '26)

WELCOME TO

Carolina Sporting Goods Co.

SWEATERS - TENNIS - GOLF
SPORTS CLOTHING

Phone 142 **182 E. Main St.**

Piedmont Cafe

274 Magnolia St.

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

Open All Night

Stop here for drinks on your way to and from the college

Martin's Pharmacy

"Montgomery Building"

THE ELITE and LA PETITE ELITE

ICE CREAM
and
LUNCHES

Special Attention Given to Banquets

NUNNALLY'S CANDIES

ALL THE WOFFORD BOYS
EAT
DRINK AND SMOKE
at
BURNETT'S

Wilson's Drug Stores
"The Rexall Stores"
Welcome Wofford Students

WILSON'S NO. 1
Near The Cleveland

WILSON'S NO. 2
Near The Franklin

Maillard's
Candies
from
Heinitsh Drug Store
"On the Square"

Braeburn University Clothes for Men
Featured by
THE MAN'S STORE
109 East Main St.

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Store
Smart Shoes and Socks
Collegiate Style Leaders of Spartanburg
SPRAWLES & CHRISTOPHER
Wofford Representatives
311 Snyder Hall

DRINK
Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES

Patronize Our Advertisers

HARRY PRICE

"Ends Your Quest for the Best"

122 East Main St.

CLOTHIER & FURNISHER

Where Authentic College Styles Prevail

Sam Koon, John (Pop) Jackson
Representatives

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Foremost Dairy Products, Inc.

(HUB CITY ICE CREAM CO.)

164 Library Street Spartanburg, S. C.

684—Phones—685

The Rock and The Sand

The lord of all the earth said: "Every one then, that listens to this teaching of mine and acts upon it, may be compared to a prudent man who builds his home (his business, his character) upon rock.

"Down comes the rain (trouble, adversity, hard times), the rivers rise, the winds blow and beat upon the house, and yet it does not fall, because its foundations are upon rock.

"But every one that listens to this teaching of mine, and does not act upon it, may be compared to a foolish man, who builds his house upon the sand.

"Down comes the rain, the rivers rise, the winds blow and strike upon that house, and it falls, and great indeed is its downfall."

In which picture do you find yourself? Build wisely in mind, heart, soul and business—

ALL IS WELL.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

FOUNDED 1871

STRONG COURTEOUS HELPFUL

BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

D1913/66 RO

The Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE

FEBRUARY NUMBER

1931

For Twenty-Seven years we have been doing Good Printing for Wofford College and Wofford College Students. ¶ Menus, Club and Fraternity Stationery, Engraved Stationery and Visiting Cards. ¶ In fact, everything you need in Printing or Engraving.

BAND & WHITE
Good Printing

Phones 362-363 144 Spring St.

V.41, NO.3 2/1931

1854 1930

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

Offering

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

and

MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

PRE-MEDICAL, PRE-ENGINEERING, PRE-LAW COURSES

COURSES IN EDUCATION AND RELIGION

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service—Strong Faculty —Large Library—Well Equipped Laboratories—Ample Dormitory Facilities—Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit—Athletic Grounds—All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics.

Write for Catalogue to

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

THE start of the year is the time to decide whether you will be anything but one year older at the end of it. You can go through 1930 growing steadily richer, steadily to the goal of your ambition, if you will save part of your earnings each week : : : : :

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

— OFFICERS —

JNO. A. LAW.....President
CHAS. C. KIRBY.....Vice-President
M. E. BOWDEN.....Vice-President & Cashier
H. B. CHAPMAN.....Asst. Cashier
W. R. FRANCE.....Asst. Cashier
J. N. WRIGHT, JR.....Asst. Cashier

— DIRECTORS —

H. L. Bomar, J. J. Burnett, S. F. Cannon, C. C. Kirby, Jno. A. Law, L. W. Perrin, M. E. Bowden, J. B. Caldwell, H. M. Cleveland, A. M. Law, F. L. Liles, T. S. Perrin, M. G. Stone

BLUE LANTERN CAFETERIA

124 East Main Phone 1847

HURRAH FOR WOFFORD!

EAT

Blue Bird Ice Cream

PURE—DELICIOUS—HEALTHFUL

CREAM OF THE PIEDMONT SECTION

Wofford Cash Store

A. A. LAVANTIS

Boys, next to home it's the best place to eat

COLD DRINKS, STATIONERY AND CANDIES

We Cash Your Checks

Ligon's Drug Store, Inc.

WELCOME TO ALL COLLEGE BOYS!

Fountain Pens of Every Make

COME TO SEE US

Phone 30

GREENEWALD'S, Inc.

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

HOME OF

Fashion Park Clothes

Florsheim Shoes & Dobbs Hats

CONTENTS

		Page
Price of Romance	J. A. Berry	56
Children of the Forest	C. Morgan Bowen, Jr.	59
A Nice, Comfortable Sinner	W. A. Wofford	61
The Tolling Bell	C. N.	65
Retrospecting on College Education	B. A. Foster, Jr.	66
November Night	W. A. W.	68
Relapse in Love	Clyde Nelson	69
Southern Negro Education	John Haynes	71
A Thought	L. C. H.	72
Words	C. N.	73
The Last Voyage of the West Wind	W. W. Tweed	74
The Joys of Night	L. C. H.	77
For You	J. H.	78
Bliss	J. H.	78
Editorials		79
The Talkies.		
Dr. Hibben Resigns.		
Road to Fame.		
Exchange Department		81
Overtones		82
Random Recollections		83
Eyes and Ears		86

PRICE OF ROMANCE

By J. A. Berry

GOODBYE, daughter, and do be careful, because you know you are the only thing I have left. Since your father was killed in that accident last summer, I have been afraid—"

"Now, Mother, don't think about such things. I am going to be in New York exactly two months and fourteen days. Then I'm coming right back and get a job here. We will have the house fixed up real nice and rent the rooms upstairs. The train is coming. Goodbye, Mother, and remember that I'll be back."

Mrs. Porter stood waving her hand to Jeannette as the puff of the locomotive gradually died at a distance. She was dressed in black, for she was still in mourning. Her eyes were damp and her face showed an expression of fear and anxiety. Yet, a little smile played on her lips. She wanted Jeannette to have a good time and see something of the world. She was not selfish; nevertheless, she repressed a feeling of emptiness, as though life was leaving her. For the next two months and fourteen days, each day would be only a period of time which would gradually bring her closer to her daughter. She turned her footsteps homeward to take up the task of—waiting.

"Hello, Jeannette. Gee! I'm glad to see you," said Doris Campbell as Jeannette stepped off the train in the Pennsylvania Station in the heart of New York City.

"Jean, darling, you are the same old Jean that I used to play dolls with in Bartow. Tell me all about yourself since you left Florida."

"First, let me introduce my boy friend to you. Miss Porter, this is Mr. Van Courtlandt."

"How are you, Mr. Van Courtlandt? Jean has mentioned you several times in her letters."

"So this is Miss Jeannette Porter? I have heard many nice things about you, too. Well, suppose we hop in my car and show Miss Porter the bright lights of Broadway before going back to the apartment."

"Fine, Joe; let's do. Oh, yes—you wanted to know what I had been doing since I left Florida. You remember we moved to North Carolina after that. Father's health never seemed to improve any, though, so I took a commercial course and began to shift for myself. A friend got this position for me last year, and—well, here I am. By the way, I already have a typist job for you; so you can start right in when you feel like it."

Thus it was that Jeannette Porter was introduced into the city of New York. She was a beautiful brunette, seventeen years of age. Her eyes were large, and of a soft brown hue. Her lips were of a natural color that disdained lipstick. Her hair was auburn and long, with a fluffiness that summer breezes like to blow through.

She was five feet three inches in height, and weighed one hundred and seven pounds. She was frank, sincere, and possessed a fine regard for other people's feelings. She was not accustomed to harshness, because her soul was the spirit of tenderness. Yet, she was

human, with the faults of all human beings. She laughed, cried, was curious, and enjoyed thrills and was alive to new experiences and excitement.

Jeannette and Jean worked all day, and at night the great commercial giant would relax his grip to watch his tired servants go and seek play that would make them forget the strenuous duties of the day. Away to the cozy apartment in the village—Greenwich, the former home of impoverished genius, now turned by irony of fate to a playground of frivolous youth.

Two months passed. Jeannette could not realize that it had been that long. She was thrilled to a degree of worship at the commercial world of the Island of Manhattan. Who could have ever dreamed of such magic as the subway carrying more than eleven hundred people at one time at a tremendous rate of speed; tunnels beneath rivers; bridges a mile long, hundreds of feet high over rivers; ships that moved as floating palaces, so large that all of the people of her acquaintance would scarcely be enough for the crew; buildings that pierced the clouds; and then the night clubs, great orchestras, renowned artists, whom she used to read about. It must all be a dream, she often thought. Jeannette simply could not adjust her mind to such marvelous conceptions, so she dreamed on.

Finally, the thirteenth day of the second month arrived. It was her last day of work. Tomorrow she would go home. Yes, Cinderella would leave fairyland; leave the magic Greenwich Village for a real one in Florida, where neighbors complained of dogs scratching up flowers. But her dear Mother was there, and she knew that duties and obligations awaited her which she could never shirk. But Jeannette would spend one more night of gayety. Jean had planned a party in their little apartment in Waverly Place. What a good time they would have!

Noon arrived, and she went to lunch for her last time in New York. Down the elevator fifty stories, and out on Wall Street—in the middle of the street, for the sidewalks were too crowded. She passed Trinity Church and down Broadway to her customary eating place, Child's Restaurant; and then to a table for two.

Jeannette had been eating perhaps for five minutes when an old lady came in and sat in the seat opposite her. Jeannette thought that it was just another of those many different types of people seen in the great city. Yet she noticed this old lady had a strong and weathered face. Her hands were coarse and tough. Perhaps just a scrub woman wishing to eat in a better place for once.

After the waitress had come over and taken their orders, the old woman began a conversation by asking:

"Pardon me, Miss, but have you got a fountain pen in your purse? I have a letter to mail, and I forgot to put the return address on it."

"Surely, here is one. I am afraid it has been leaking ink, though."

"Oh, well, that's all right. I'll just clean it with this paper napkin."

The conversation opened with this little incident, and Jeannette, true to her southern characteristics, was very courteous to the old woman. In the midst of an interesting discussion, the woman's pocketbook fell from

the table to the floor. Jeannette was not aware that an intentional push had caused the fall. Having always been taught to respect age, she instinctively reached down and picked it up.

While Jeannette was doing this, the elderly woman reached an arm across the table and opened her hand over Jeannette's coffee-cup. The latter was entirely ignorant of this movement.

There was a southern man sitting at another table facing Jeannette, who had been attracted by her brogue, and whose attention had been held by her charming manner and attractive figure. He had seen everything that had passed, yet he sat still, wondering if his imagination was playing him a trick. He had come in while the two women were engaged in a very informal conversation. Perhaps the elderly woman was a relative of the younger.

While the gentleman was still wondering over this, the girl finished drinking her coffee and left the table. Incidentally, the elderly woman finished her lunch a moment later, and followed her out.

This last act proved too much for the southern man. Immediately he left his full plate, paid his bill and followed. He could see Jeannette a short block ahead, with the old woman about a dozen paces behind her.

Jeannette stepped near the curb of Broadway. Suddenly she swayed, threw her hands to her head and fell. Immediately the old woman ran up to her and cried, "My daughter, my daughter; she has fainted."

A taxi pulled up. The old woman, with an amazing amount of strength, lifted Jeannette quickly into the taxi. With a dash, they were gone.

The southern man came up too late to interfere. He had just realized what had taken place in the restaurant. The girl had been doped and kidnapped. He ran to a nearby policeman and related the whole incident. The case was instantly reported to the detective department, and they went immediately to the restaurant to seek clues. Finally, when it seemed that nothing was to be obtained there, one of the men picked up a paper nakkin from the floor beneath the table. It was the one that the woman had cleaned the fountain pen with, and it bore the print of two fingers.

Weeks and months passed, and nothing of significance developed in the case. The finger print files of New York revealed nothing.

Mrs. Porter bore the strain of this living hell until her delicate soul gave way. The constant worry, day by day, drove her into a frenzy. Her health and spirits broke, and she died in a fit of laughter.

In the meantime, copies of the finger prints had been sent to all American cities where such bureaus were maintained. One day, while digging through old files in Chicago, a clerk in the detective department found prints which coincided with that of the old woman.

Investigation was resumed, and detectives worked secretly, finally setting a trap for the trapper. Many thugs were arrested, and one day Jake Sorgini was brought in. Jake was a former lieutenant to "Bugs" Moran, and was arrested in Detroit. He had operated with Moran in Chicago until the Capone fac-

tion made it too hot for him. Since that time he had joined a gang in New York, the name of whose leader he refused to reveal. After being put through the third degree, he broke down and made a fairly complete confession. He confessed that he had been in the White Slave traffic for years, and that it had proved a tremendously profitable business. He received two thousand dollars as his share for kidnapping Jeannette.

Everything was planned. The taxi driver had been bribed by the Syndicate. Jeannette had been shipped to a small island off the coast of Brazil. There she was to become the plaything of a half-breed planter who had the gold to dazzle the eyes of the white devil.

Needless to say, Jeannette's strength of character saved her in the crisis. When she realized what the circumstances were, tears ceased to flow, and a serene confidence came over her.

Her second night on the island she was led into a private home of a great half-breed with a heavy-set black moustache and black hair. At first, Jeannette nearly lost her presence of mind. Quickly she regained her composure, however.

She spoke to the man in a most friendly tone. "Come, put your guns aside. Order some strong wine. Let's have something to drink," she said.

The brute was greatly amused at the wit and charm of the girl. He unloosed his double belt and placed it on the table with the two revolvers on the chair. In his broken Spanish, he gave a rush order for some old Italian wine. The servant returned quickly with the order, and was given a nice tip for his prompt services. As the half-breed was uncorking a bottle, Jeannette slipped to the side of the table, lifted the largest revolver to her temple, and pulled the trigger. She had returned to her mother.

CHILDREN OF THE FOREST

By C. Morgan Bowen, Jr.

IT IS occasionally well worth while for us to turn our thoughts toward the Indian. Before the appearance of the white man on American soil, these people were the most picturesque of any race on the face of the earth, but under the influence of civilization, we find that they have lost some of their charm. Everyone has a knowledge of the characteristics of the Indian, and knows that he exceeded the European of his day in simple virtues. Longfellow, in his "Hiawatha," gives us a clear idea of the race, as does Cooper, in his "Leather Stocking Tales." Cooper is said to portray the natives with qualities which they did not possess, but his work is defended by those who know the red man best. The story of William Penn, Hudson's Bay Company, and others show that the Indian was not treacherous in his dealings with those who treated him fairly. Lydia Huntley Digourney has given us a picture of the Indian's physical characteristics when she speaks of them advancing to greet the Pilgrims—

"With towering form and haughty stride,
And eye like kindling flame."

Any language is quite interesting to study. The Indian languages have a particular charm and beauty for us. There are known to have been nearly two hundred languages and fifteen hundred dialects spoken by the Indians. Others may have perished when the tribes speaking them were annihilated in battle. The Cherokee alphabet was discovered in 1821. The Mayas and the Aztecs were the only other tribes to have a written language. When tribes met, they spoke to each other by the use of signs. The Spanish spoken in South America contains many Indian words, and our English has a number of common native terms, too.

The Indian thought quite differently from the white man, and this is the reason, perhaps, why the two could not understand each other. The "happy hunting ground" is supposed to be the home of the departed, but the Indian considered the chase a difficult task, thinking of heaven as a place where there was nothing to do but dance, sing, play games, and be happy. Nevertheless, they were extremely religious. For them there was a soul in every tree, plant, and in inanimate objects as well as in man and beast. Every Indian had some sort of deity to worship. The legends of the children of the forest are many and beautiful.

It is indeed wrong for us to think of the Indian as merely a hunter, fisher, and fighter. North America has never been as thoroughly a country of farmers as it was before its discovery by Europeans. It is said that corn must have been developed from grass by many centuries of cultivation. Tobacco, beans, squashes, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, gourds, sunflowers, and cotton were raised by many tribes. Most of the tribes were skillful in basket-making and pottery. The Indian knew little of metals, although copper was crudely mined and melted and hammered in the Lake Superior regions. As Byrd, in his "History of the Dividing Line," says of the Indian of North Carolina that the Indian men allowed the women to do most of the work, but the men made stone arrowheads, bows and other implements of war or the chase.

At times the Indian could be very solemn, but again he was joyful and quite fond of games, sports and laughter. His leisure was often spent in amusements. The men liked to engage themselves in a guessing game and the several forms of ball games. The women played the dice games (as some of our people today do) and football. The children imitated their parents, as do the children of today. We are able to see from this that these people were carefree and happy. It is to them that we owe much, and should hold high the torch of liberty and acknowledge them as founders of America.

A NICE, COMFORTABLE SINNER

By William Arnette Wofford

EARLY one morning in winter, Hannah Mole awoke to the awful realization that she was forty-five. The shock of the realization was so tremendous that she found she could not consider it tranquilly lying flat on the chastely frilled pillows; so she jumped out of bed and, too greatly excited even to start the still red coals in her cozy fireplace, ran to a low window-seat, and, seating herself, surveyed the world. She was undeniably a figure of prim spinsterhood as she crouched there in her long white flannel nightgown with its many frills and laces. The nightgown came right up and buttoned under her chin and ended right down at her toes. Her face was long and bony, with exceedingly black brows and black eyes, and a short nose, very straight, and a prim mouth with thin, colorless lips. As she looked out of the window, she raised a hand to draw back the curtains, and in the early morning light she could see that they were long and bony like her face, and had long blue veins showing where the knuckles stood out. Hannah Mole sighed longingly.

She looked down from her bedroom window on the still sleeping street. It was only five o'clock on a bleak January morning, and the milkman would not come till six. Hannah Mole had a whole hour to herself without any interruption from anyone to ponder on the awfulness of having reached forty-five. She could see that the blinds of every house on her street were still drawn, and that the gates were shut. Hannah Mole watched an early bird leap from one limb to another in the black, leafless tree outside her window, and then throw back its head and burst into song. She wondered why the beautiful song it sang did not interest her as it used to do—as it did only yesterday. But no longer did she heed its beauty. Now, to her mingled horror and amazement, she felt the blood pricking through her body and something demanding passionately a change before she submissively yielded to death.

Mentally she reviewed her life. Every morning she rose at six-thirty, made up her bed, dusted her room, then went downstairs and fed Sodom and Gomorrah. Gomorrah would scream out in a loud, wicked voice that she was being attacked by Sodom's sharp claws,—the only way of attracting her attention,—were she a minute late in preparing her breakfast; so she always made it a point to feed Gomorrah the first thing after coming downstairs. Then, usually, she went into her neat, prim kitchen and prepared her own breakfast. And it was always the same breakfast: a cup of hot tea, a soft-boiled egg, three slices of thin bread and butter, and on Sundays, an extra cup of tea and an apple or banana. After breakfast she worked a bit in her garden till the sun rose; then she sewed a bit, and prepared a light meal. After luncheon, she read a bit, visited a neighbor or two, went to Ladies' Aid at three o'clock, if it happened to be Tuesday, came back, and then spent a quiet evening with Sodom on her lap, purring loudly, and Gomor-

rah talking and shrieking at her by her side. Sodom was her cat, and Gomorrah was her parrot; and Hannah Mole loved them both devotedly, for they were her only possessions whom she could shower her affections upon and be loved in return.

Hannah Mole had a set schedule and followed it strictly each day. She realized that many years ago people had begun to call her an old maid, and to point out her prim little cottage as the place where "Miss Mole lives." She accepted this without question. But now that she awoke to the awful revelation that she was forty-five, and that she really was an old maid, she wanted things different. She was so desperately alone; she had spent her life in starting other people off, and staying, herself, behind. She had been the eldest in a family of six children, and the only one who had remained unmarried. Somehow, there had never been a time for Hannah Mole to marry. First, there was her mother's death and all the younger sisters to care for; then, later on, school and college, and then marriage. She had then come here to live and had accepted what life had done to her until now. Now she wanted things different. She wanted romance. She suddenly realized that life might be turned into a golden adventure and that romance must be the loveliest thing. A desire for a man swept over her, and was immediately followed by a wave of equally poignant loneliness. Oh, something must happen to her today! Something must—just anything out of the ordinary.

Hannah Mole turned from the window and quickly dressed herself in her prim blue dress. She patted a little curl into place, and then went downstairs. Still that longing for a man or something to happen was upon her. She found herself talking aloud to Gomorrah about it.

"Really, Gomorrah, something's got to happen to me today. Do you hear me? I do wish a man would come, Gomorrah, for I've got to have a little romance in my life—or a little adventure, or, a little something before it's too late. I tell you, I've got to!

"Now, you take a man, for instance, Gomorrah. If a man would only come along and be nice to me for a little while, I'd be so happy. Why, I wouldn't even care if he wasn't the highest type of man, just so he showed me a little love and attention. He could even be bad and wicked, Gomorrah, and I wouldn't mind so terribly much; just so he was a nice, comfortable kind of sinner . . ."

Gomorrah eyed his mistress disapprovingly. His looks told her that she certainly must have gone out of her mind. The very idea of Hannah Mole declaring she wanted a little romance in her life,—she who had lived her forty-five years alone in peace and without the presence of a man! And her expressed desire for a man now—a nice, comfortable sinner, too, mind you! The very idea! Gomorrah shrieked disgustedly. What had come over Hannah Mole?

When she had fed Sodom and Gomorrah, Hannah Mole turned her attention to her household duties, and soon had her prim sitting-room in order. Each hour that passed made her realize acutely that that something she so ardently longed for had not yet happened. "But, oh, it will happen sometime today—it must!" she said over and over to herself.

The morning became evening; and evening, night. Hannah Mole became alarmed. But just when her little clock sounded seven, that **Something** happened. As much as she had expected it all day, and longed for it to happen, still when it did happen, Hannah Mole found herself startled,—amazed.

She had just sat down to spend a quiet evening with Sodom and Gomorrah when she heard the kitchen screen door bang. She jumped. She wondered what on earth could have slammed the screen door. She was just preparing to rise and go to investigate, when she heard running footsteps, and then drew back in amazement, for on the threshold stood a man!

Hannah Mole blinked and blinked. I wish I could tell you how she felt as she sat there blinking and blinking and hardly believing her eyes. It was too wonderful, too miraculous, that her hopes and prayer for a man had come to pass.

Hannah Mole stared and stared. For a moment she trembled quite visibly, actually shook as with a chill. But then, all at once, she grew quite calm. She eyed the stranger calmly—even a bit approvingly. Despite the fact that the stranger had entered in a most unconventional way seemed apparently to have no weight with her. A man was here —actually upon her threshold; and she had wanted a man so badly— No telling what a lovely romance might ensue. So Hannah Mole did not think to be alarmed.

After a little while, she found her voice. "Who are you?" she asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Quick! hide me so they—they won't find me. Isn't there a closet or something here somewhere in which I can hide? I'm innocent, but the cops won't believe it—so quick, hide me some place!"

"Hide you?" gasped Hannah Mole, aghast, "hide you from whom? Why are you running like this? Why do you ask me to hide you?"

The young man grew so frightened he could scarcely speak. He trembled so that he could hardly stand. "Oh, don't ask me now!" he stammered. "Hide me some place, quick! I'll explain everything later. If the cops knock here and ask if I'm here, tell them 'No'," he pleaded in a low voice that somehow touched Hannah Mole's heart as no other voice ever had before.

"Oh, do this now for me; you'll never regret it!"

Hannah Mole stood looking at him interestedly, devouring every word he said. Hardly had she arisen from her chair before a clear, insistent knock was heard upon the front door. Scarcely knowing what she did, she took the young man's hand and led him to the tiny closet by the fireplace and shoved him inside. She closed the door, and then went to answer the knock.

Three policemen stood on the porch. Hannah Mole wondered why she did not faint or go into hysterics at the sight of officers of the law upon her porch. She did neither, but instead, said:

"You wanted something?"

"Yes; we are looking for a young man who has stolen a valuable stone. He escaped from the train here, and we saw him come around your house. Did you see anything of him?"

Hannah Mole deliberately opened the door

wider that she might convince them that her house held no thief.

"Why, no," she said simply, "I haven't seen anything of him. He must have gone farther on." Immediately after she said these words she wondered why on earth she had done so. How could she, Hannah Mole, who always held the highest respect for the truth, stand up so calmly and lie, and to officers of the law, at that, too? Hannah Mole's only excuse was due to two wide, terrified black eyes which held a look of unutterable sadness, and a deep, low voice, the nicest she had ever heard.

The officers bowed and left. Hannah Mole closed the door and came again into her sitting-room.

"You may come out now," she said. "I've sent them away. You're safe now."

The closet door opened and the young man stepped out again into the room. He flashed upon Hannah Mole a smile which took her breath away. That smile completely captivated her. She thought: "Dear me, isn't he just too wonderful for words? The poor thing! You can tell fate has not been kind to him. He may not be all he should be, but he's a nice kind of sinner. Why, yes; he's the nice, comfortable kind of sinner that I could get along with well. Oh, has romance come to me at last?"

"Gee, Miss!" the stranger exclaimed, looking at her smilingly, "that was wonderful of you to do that for me. How can I ever repay you?"

"By taking back the stone you stole," Hannah Mole said simply. "You know you really oughtn't to have done that," she finished calmly.

"I—I— Yes, you're right," the stranger who was making Miss Mole's heart behave so wildly lamely concluded. "I'll take it right back. But—"

"But what?" Hannah Mole questioned.

"You see, that is, I haven't any money to carry it back with," he said. "You know it costs money to go back to New York."

"I see," Hannah Mole said, quickly. Then she did a most unheard-of thing. She went to the mantle and took from a vase of old gold a roll of bills, which she handed to him.

"There," she said, "see if that isn't enough to buy you a ticket with. You see, I'm really determined that you shall return the stone."

"Why, Miss—Miss—" the stranger exclaimed. The dark eyes that captivated the spinster so readily now flashed bright fire.

"Hannah Mole," she finished for him, "though you may call me Hannah." Now why had she said that? "But he's wonderful!" she explained to herself, "that's why."

"Hannah, you're a brick! Some day I'm going to return and do something to repay you. Wait and see if I don't. I didn't know there were any more of your kind left in the world." With these last words, he was gone.

Hannah Mole stood quite still in the middle of the room. She heard his retreating footsteps on the walk outside. He was leaving, leaving—her nice, comfortable sinner with the unexpressibly sad eyes and the gay, flashing smile that was a bit wistful, too—How sorry she felt for him! But suddenly her heart raced tumultuously. Happiness was upon her—such blissful, ecstatic happiness as she had never known before. She was so happy she could not move. Hannah Mole didn't know one could be so happy.

She walked over to Gomorrah, who sat sulking on his stand. The parrot peered between half-closed eyes most disapprovingly at his mistress. He uttered gutteral sounds as Hannah Mole stroked his bright plumage.

"Oh, Gomorrah, dear," whispered the old maid, softly, "Oh, Gomorrah, Something really did happen. A man actually did come; and you know how badly I wanted one. And, oh! Gomorrah, his eyes and mouth when he smiled! Oh, oh, they were so lovely and yet so strangely sad that they made me almost cry. I don't think I ever did see such a smile on a man. And, Gomorrah, you did hear the nice things he said to me, didn't you? 'Hannah, you're a brick,'—that's what he said. Oh, I wish I could hear him say it just once more. I'd be so happy, Gomorrah, so happy—"

Late that night the golden moon peeped into Hannah Mole's bedroom window and saw a most unusual sight. The moon saw Hannah Mole smiling in her sleep. There she lay in her warm, snug bed, smiling; and the moon had never seen this before. And the moon saw a big, warm ball that was Sodom, too, curled up at the foot of Hannah Mole's bed, waving her long, plume-like tail joyfully while she purred. The moon looked and looked at Hannah Mole as she smiled in her sleep. But I am not going to tell you what she was smiling about.

THE TOLLING BELL

It was midnight
And the moonlight
Cast its strange and mystic spell.
Enchanted silence held her breath
And then the tower bell
Tolled out the dismal hours,
The drear and spectral hours.
Twelve times I heard the tolling
Of this wierd and eerie knell.

It was lonely
And I only
Felt that sound tear through my heart.
Haunted mystery filled the air
As if the sombre part
Of silence cooled the place,
The aching moonlit place.
I thought I saw the shadows
Of ghosts pass as a dart.

Since that midnight
And the moonlight
Cast o'er me that mystic spell,
I sit alone in silent watch
To hear the tower bell
Toll out the call of death,
A strange and silent death.
Too soon I know I'll answer
The call of that midnight knell.

—C. N.

RETROSPECTING ON COLLEGE EDUCATION

By Bernard A. Foster, Jr.

THE evaluation of a college education depends directly upon the personality of the individual who is striving to obtain it. It is probably a conservative estimate to say that the money spent on the education of an appalling percentage of college students is a partial, if not a total loss. The usual four years spent in the acquisition of such an education, for these individuals, would be more profitably invested in the solution of the complicated and puzzling problems of life. —But I hear a voice in the corner inquiring, "Do they not teach you that in college?" This, as in nearly everything else, is propounded from an abstract and theoretical point of view. It takes not only education but also wisdom to apply a theory in practise. The percentage of men who are capable of doing this would be alarmingly small.

Is the college, as an institution, responsible for the conditions as they exist under the present system of American college education? To say that it is not blameless at all would be utter foolishness. This institution, as well as any other, has its defects. These faults are numerous and widespread, but the type of student attending college today is mainly responsible for the deplorable conditions that are outstanding in our educational system.

College education is the most over-emphasized phase of modern life. It also ranks among the most discussed subjects of the day. There are American business men who are conscientiously opposed to it, and who will not employ college graduates in their businesses. On the other hand, many firms will employ only college graduates.

To say the least, it is a question of reasonable doubt as to whether the three to five thousand dollars used in the education of one person is a wise investment, when so little thought is given to the potentialities and inherent capabilities of that person. Beyond a certain point it is impossible for an individual to "take in" that teaching to which he or she is "exposed." In other words, some people cannot understand teaching that goes beyond the sphere of the grammar school, some the high school, and so on. If this point, beyond which a person cannot derive any understanding, is reached before the student enters college, why should parents waste their heard-earned savings upon further schooling?—again I hear the voice in the corner, "Who shall determine this point, and how shall it be ascertained?" It is all a gamble, or, at least, a matter for speculation. Psychologists tell us that aptitudes are native and inherent. Even at that, there are no well defined criteria for these aptitudes. No determiner has been invented that is precisely accurate. Among the so-called mental tests, there are none that are absolutely adequate.

In this "democratic" government of ours, however, if colleges should attempt to eliminate those incapable of understanding their teachings, the result would be a social up-

heaval. Public sentiment would not permit any such action, regardless of the wisdom of this sort of modification of our present educational methods.

All parents have, at one time or another, had the desire that their children should have a better chance in life than they had. This is only natural, and it is well that it is so. Even as it is today, humanity would suffer much through the loss of this desire that is almost instinctive. The fallacy lies, not in the desire, but in the result which it brings about. The majority of parents think that a college education is the answer to their prayers and the solution of their problems. They give not the slightest consideration to the effect that a college education would have on the son or daughter, and, if one were so frank as to infer that the son or daughter was not capable of comprehending such an education, he should have a battle on his hands. Many are the times when this fact is sadly true.

The defects of the college itself have been referred to. Among the thousand and some odd colleges in the United States, there are two outstanding types. These are the technical schools and the school of liberal arts.

Let us look for a moment at the graduate of a technical school. He is fitted for one line of business, and one only. If, after four years or more of study in this line, he suddenly decides that he is not best suited for that especial work, he is, figuratively speaking, stranded. —This time the voice asks, "Is this not his fault?" The answer can be neither "yes" nor "no," definitely. It is the fault of the student for specializing in a work that he could not be sure that he was best fitted for; and it was the fault of the current educational methods for allowing him to specialize too soon in life. The above mentioned case is not an exception to the rule, but rather the rule itself. In most cases, the graduates of technical schools become apprenticed in that line in which they have been educated. After a short while, probably one-half of them seek other employment. In some instances, this is due merely to the lack of stamina or "stick-to-it-iveness," but in most cases, it is because the individual has realized, after actual contact with the work, that he is not "made" for it.

The liberal arts school makes an attempt to overcome this fault of specialization, which comes too soon in life. The defects of this type are just as numerous as those of the technical school. In this ultra-modern civilization of ours, for what is the graduate of the liberal arts school prepared? If he plans to continue his studies, he could have done nothing better than to attend such an institution. However, those students who are financially able to do this are in the minority. If the graduate plans to go into business, he is fairly well-equipped for anything and proficiently prepared for one of two occupations. He may either preach or teach. As noble as these two employments are, all graduates of liberal arts schools cannot seek them as a life work.

The tendency in the manufacture of machinery is toward standardization. In college education the drive is very much in the same direction. The authorities set down a certain number of rules that are necessary, and a good many more, the necessity of which is at least debatable, which leave little or no

room for originality. What opportunities the students have for originality they cast, unused, to one side. The peculiar thing is that the students themselves do not seem to resent, or attempt to remedy this deplorable condition.

College, generally, is not taken as a serious matter, but rather as a gay four-year vacation. Whose fault is this?

The most valuable part of a college education is the personal contacts which one makes there. The student, regardless of his former condition, learns to adjust himself in his relations with his fellow man. Ample opportunity is afforded him to acquaint himself with the ethics of modern life. The friendships which one forms in college are the most beautiful of relations between men. There are also many valuable friendships established between student and professor.

Probably next in importance comes the broadening of the viewpoint of the individual. The perspective of the man is enlarged. The old story of the graduate facing life and expecting the world to grovel at his feet is false. He realizes his position in the world. A certain degree of culture is the reward of the conscientious student.

College stamps a man. (May it continue to do so, until the stamp becomes one of standardization.)

—This meandering discussion is personal. It could not have been otherwise.

If the reading of it has aroused thought, the purpose of the article is accomplished.

NOVEMBER NIGHT

Last night I saw a tree of gold,
  Upon a lonely hill;
I will go back tonight, I said,
  Its wealth my soul to fill.

Last night I saw a maple gypsy gay,
  Bright pain within my soul;
I will go back tonight, I said,
  Ere cold November winds doth blow.

Last night I saw a silver brook,
  Quite gay as it babbled along;
I will go back tonight, I said,
  Ere leafy silence choke its song.

Last night I saw a bird fly south,
  Swift moving in the sky;
I will go back tonight, I said,
  Ere October's fire shall die.

—W. A. W.

RELAPSE IN LOVE

By Clyde Nelson

"MARRIED life isn't half what people said it was," sighed Mabel Winston, as she drew a comb slowly through her hair. Her hair was auburn and long. So long in fact that it required plenty of her time every morning arranging it. Too much, she always said. Large blue eyes and a beautifully fair complexion were the other donations of nature that made her such a remarkably pretty woman.

Mabel was the daughter of a millionaire manufacturer who had since her marriage retired from active business life. She was an only daughter and had always had and done exactly what she wanted to do. Sitting alone sometimes during the afternoon hours she would reflect on the days spent in school. She had gone away to a girls' convent when she was fourteen. Her mother had died a short time later and her father had practically allowed her to do as she pleased.

She was an adept pupil, however, and really glad to learn her subjects from the beginning. She made a good record in both the convent and later in college.

Every summer she spent with her father. He would never go on an extended vacation because he felt that he couldn't leave his mills. She would drive him down to his office every morning and occasionally go in for a short time. On other days she would ask her father to get the superintendent to show her over the plant. She would go through, apparently interested in it all, but in fact never seeing or understanding any of the process. All the time she was giving all her attention to the actions of the superintendent.

Mabel realized from the beginning that the man had some peculiar attraction for her. He seemed so large and strong. He was so totally different from the men she had always known. He was unassuming also, and she liked unassuming people. So each time she saw the man her feeling for him grew. Just before her return to school for the last term they became engaged, and shortly after her graduation were married.

Her father had approved of the match for many reasons. He knew that his superintendent was a perfectly reliable young man and that he would be generous and kind. On his retirement he had made him general manager, and since that time the business had prospered as never before.

During the first year she had been happy. It had been lots of fun to do all the little things for him that she knew he liked. She had all the meals prepared for him in the way she knew he liked them best. Every day just before lunch time she would drive down to the office and bring him back.

He was always the same. He never became angry about anything. He was always generous and kind and saw that her every whim was satisfied. In the eyes of all her acquaintances, he was a perfect success and the marriage was a perfect union.

Now Mabel was dissatisfied and wondered why she had married at all. She couldn't explain exactly what the trouble was. In fact,

there seemed to be no tangible reason why she should be constantly in such a frame of mind, and yet such was the case.

Three years had passed since her marriage and she had long since ceased to go down to the office for her husband. She was sitting now, combing her hair and thinking with misgivings that it was almost time for him to come to lunch. How she had grown to hate those quiet lunch hours. His constant sameness, his positive manner, his self-assurance, his gentle kindness—all seemed to drive her to the point of distraction lately.

She knew exactly what he was going to say. He would tell her that everything was fine down at the plants and that all the employees were happy. He would ask her if there was anything that he could do for her or anything he could bring back that night. He would want to know what she was going to do the remainder of the afternoon. All these things were a habit with him. Her father had told her that this was the chief reason why he had been a great success in his work. He was always thoughtful. But to her it had grown monotonous.

Suddenly the door to her room opened and the maid rushed in. She was excited and without ceremony shouted in high pitched tones, "Lord, Miss, the man on the telephone done said that Mr. Winston was badly hurt down to the mill and that they was bringing him home."

Mabel suddenly forgot her thoughts of the moment before. Here was a completely new situation. The possibility that her husband would ever come to any harm had never entered her thinking. He had always seemed so sure. For the first time in her life, she had become suddenly worried over someone. She gave the maid orders to arrange the bed and ran to the door to wait.

The men came, bringing him in on the stretcher, and the doctor arrived at the same time. He was unconscious from a severe blow on the head. Mabel followed as they carried him up the steps to the bedroom. She stood and watched as the doctor made his examination and sat holding his hands as the dressing was applied.

She followed the physician as he walked out of the door, barely giving him time to close it before asking, "How is he, doctor? Will he get well?"

The doctor looked at her and with a very grave expression said, "Mrs. Winston, he has a chance. If the blow does not result in a concussion he will recover. If a concussion occurs he will die. I don't know yet."

As the old man walked from the house, Mabel, for the first time, breathed a prayer, "O God, let him live. I never knew until now what he meant to me. If he dies, let me go with him."

And Mabel went in to sit by her husband, holding his hands and uttering silent prayers until the dawn.

SOUTHERN NEGRO EDUCATION

By John Haynes

EVERY day the people of the Southern States, more than in any other part of the country, put into the hands of the negro the care of their physical well being. Our health is in their hands because we allow them to prepare our meals, wash our linen, clean our houses, and what not. If they are unclean, as they generally are, they are more susceptible to disease, and spread it rapidly. This condition has been partially eliminated and can be done away with to a still greater extent by one method and one only—education of the race.

In the history of negro education in the south thus far, there have been three distinct movements. The first of these was their education several years prior to the civil war. The two motives for the very limited education which they received during this period were economic and religious. He was educated (and it was almost solely confined to the males) to a very limited extent for industrial reasons. He was essential to the agricultural life of the south, and to allow him this meagre amount of knowledge was essential. It meant an increase in the profit from the crops. He educated the negro religiously primarily because he was religious himself. He usually felt it a duty to rid them of at least some of their peculiar savage characteristics and superstitions.

The next movement was the fifteen years following the civil war. The Freedman's Bureau established schools all over the south for the education of the newly freed blacks and placed them under the control of the Federal army camps. The usefulness of these schools was more than limited. They taught the negro that the Republican party had been the means of their freedom and that the Democratic party had always been responsible for their slavery. Under the colonial system they had never been allowed to learn either to read or write. They had been taught essentials of beliefs, but no actual working material, because it was felt that it would be dangerous. Now the Freedman's Bureau attempted to teach them the fundamentals and succeeded to a very limited extent. After several years of practice they learned how to be rather profitable to the negro, from their viewpoint.

The third period came as a result of the industrial awakening of the new south. It began in 1870 and was the forerunner of the system in use today. The leaders realized from the beginning that the whites and blacks could not be educated in the same classrooms. There were, in many counties, ten negroes to one white, and to have mixed them would have meant lowering the level of the whites. This necessary system had the effect of promoting race pride, also. The fact that they have always been separated has made it doubly expensive on the south, but they have moved steadily forward even under these most trying circumstances.

Today the negro is given every opportunity for education in the Southern States. He has had secured for him the best of teachers

and the best of accommodations. In practically all the cities of any size he can finish a high school of standing, and if the ambition is there, go on to college. In the rural sections there are schools where he can attend. As a rule the negro secures his education at a more reasonable price than the average white.

All, or practically all, of this is done at the expense of the white man. Very few negroes in the south pay taxes. There are not many who make enough to do this, and if they did, their inherent qualities would probably keep them from doing it.

The quality of education is good among the race, but the consumption is low. The average black has not the same power of concentration that any other race has. His development has been slow, and when a negro graduates from high school now, he has the equivalent of an eighth grade education. And this percentage holds good the higher they go in the educational field. It is a serious question among many of the educational leaders in the country whether it is worth the time and money spent to keep trying to raise the intellectual level of the race. Many feel that no amount of education can ever overcome the handicap of a low intellectual level, but only time will tell.

The best solution, it seems, would be to educate the race as a whole to the extent of showing them how to be clean and industrious, and to do away with all systems of higher education.

A THOUGHT

Somehow there's a call deep in our hearts
As the days go passing by,
To let each one from us depart
With a task well done, and why?

Somehow there's a chance to begin anew
To do things both great and small,
Just as the One who's always true
Bids us so kindly as we hear Him call.

Somehow as we look on the path of life
That we've trod thus far, you see,
There's many a blemish that only strife
Can make us from them be free.

Now here's a new day with trials and delights:
It's a time to resolve and to pray.
Then there's success and the way is so bright
That joys here, we know, will stay.

—L. C. H.

WORDS

Music, sound as of running water through the woods
Coming to us with the air of the spring morning,
Gorgeous in its glory of dull gold and azure blue
Steeped in odorous impregnation.
Making us sigh, laugh, hope, fear
For the future and recall the past.
Music and an evening in the twilight hours
By the fireside or an awakening at dawn
In some tropical world
Made rapturous by song birds.

Painting, giving to us the beauties and mysteries
Of life. The comedies and the tragedies. All nature's
Wonders in the hidden depths, the heavens its
Stars, the earth its buried wealths. A picture of
Rippling streams, the morning mists and the purplish
Vapors that rise after the sun sinks into an
Enveloping horizon, are shown.
Masterpieces, where angry clouds lower themselves
To meet the dashing sprays of a turbulent sea
And the modest violet, the amorous rose, and tomorrow.

Words, magic that charms the world. Swaying
All though sometimes good and sometimes bad
Yet always loved. Using for their adornment the
Flowers from the earth and jewels from its depths.
Giving to the world a sweet fragrance and an
Inimitable beauty. Possessing all color which
Nature has to lend. The dewey freshness of the morn
Made more sweet by scented climbing tendrils.
The inspiration of the poet and the revelation
Of love breathing tender thoughts to youth.

Words, giving to the world unlimited knowledge
Of things that are, that were, that are to come.
From the four corners of the earth broadcasting
Wisdom. Carrying an idealized vision of woman
Through all the years adding to the pages of history
The revelations of the heart. Through the architecture
Of the imagination painting the skies with their
Kaleidoscopic shadows, the fields with their
Varying green, the jungles with their roaring
Beasts, the mountains losing their peaks in the
Shifting clouds and the seas that span
The globe.

—C. N.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE WEST WIND

By W. W. Tweed

THE West Wind was slowly making her way out of the fog-infested harbor of Mobile. She was an eight thousand ton cargo ship, and bound for Rotterdam, Antwerp and London, with a general cargo. The West Wind was one of those ships thrown together hurriedly during the World War for the purpose of getting supplies to the Allies. She had seen much rough usage since the war, and was now a disreputable sight to gaze upon. Sailors who knew her avoided her as they would the plague.

Red Anderson, the Chief Mate of the West Wind, was a sailor from the old school. He had learned his trade before steam pushed the old wind boats off the sea. He was a tough bird and knew it. How he ever managed to always have a full crew on the departure of the West Wind was a mystery even to her old grizzly skipper, Captain Bill Saunders.

In all of his forty-seven years at sea, Captain Saunders had never felt as uneasy, on beginning a voyage, as he felt this cold foggy November morning. He knew that the old tub should have been junked even before the last trip. But he wasn't thinking of himself, for he was used to taking chances. He rather expected some day to meet the fate of most sailors who follow the sea. The object which was causing his uneasiness was a young girl standing on the other wing of the bridge with an elderly lady.

The girl was the daughter of the owner of the West Wind, and the elderly lady was her aunt.

Capt. Bill had tried to persuade Mr. Hastings that it was a dangerous and foolish thing for his daughter to make the trip on the old West Wind. But Lenora Hastings was an only daughter, and she usually had her way. She had made up her mind to cross on one of her dad's ships, and as usual could not be made to listen to reason. So there was not the usual cheery smile on Capt. Bill's face this morning as the harbor pilot bade him bon voyage at the harbor entrance. But a troubled look hovered around his tough old features.

Those who had said Lenora Hastings was beautiful should have seen her on this day as she stood, leaning forward, on the bridge wing of the West Wind, as if she would embrace the whole Gulf of Mexico, into which they were entering. There was a look of intense rapture and strong emotion upon her beautiful face. She had the same spirit of adventure that had carried her grandfather to sea years before, and finally to a watery grave. She had no thought of the terror of the sea now, but only that her greatest desire was at last being realized.

The old ship had good weather crossing the Gulf and six days later found her off Cape Hatteras.

The Cape was living up to her old name on this day of being one of the roughest stretches of water on the East coast. From

seven in the morning until three in the afternoon the old West Wind labored, barely making headway. Chief Mate Anderson swore that she was losing instead of making headway. But at eight bells that evening, as the watch was changing, Diamond Shoals Light Ship could barely be seen way astern, and Captain Saunders set the old tub on the first leg of her course, in the long run across the North Atlantic.

If any one had expected Lenora Hastings to be sick or frightened during the storm, they were doomed to disappointment. Most of the time she was standing on the wing of the bridge, or in the pilot house, talking to young Jim Blake, the second mate.

Perhaps it may be well to say here that Jim Blake was the real reason for Lenora Hastings crossing on this particular ship of her father's.

Young Blake had been sailing on her father's ships since he was a lad of sixteen, and had worked and studied hard until he was now second officer of the West Wind. He was now a strong, well built young man, with the spirit of adventure strong within him, and a great love for the sea. He took particular delight in taking the ship's helm in a strong blow and keeping her on the course.

Jim had met Lenora three years before for the first time, but had since, on many occasions, spent two or three hours with her ashore. It could be seen from the first that they would be attracted to each other, because of the love that both had for adventure and for the sea.

Captain Saunders, although as tough as any skipper that sailed the seas, had a secret admiration for his young second officer. He had watched young Jim's progress, as he worked his way up from the fo'castle to a second mate's berth, and had admired the grit and determination in the young man.

It was on the eighth day from Hatteras that the first trouble was discovered. Young Blake, on the mid-watch, noticed around three o'clock in the morning that the bow of the old ship seemed to be settling lower in the water, and the quartermaster had been complaining that she was harder than usual to hold on the course. The man on lookout forward was sent into the forepeak to see if he could find anything wrong. He returned hurriedly to the bridge with the information that the forepeak was almost full of water. All hands were immediately called and put to work bailing out the water. The pumps were tried, but wouldn't work.

The crew, a motley, scurvy-looking bunch of men, went to work with a will, and at three in the afternoon had most of the water bailed out.

Since coming on the bridge at noon, Captain Saunders had been scanning the heavens with a troubled face. He had been sailing too long not to recognize the signs.

"We are going to have a blow, and if I am not mistaken, a bad one," said Captain Saunders to Chief Officer Anderson. "Better put some of the men securing everything about deck, for it will be upon us before we know it."

The sky, that could easily be seen only a short time before, was now completely overcast. Great pillars of black clouds could be seen coming up over the horizon as if they were boiling up out of the sea. The sea that had looked like a calm lake a short

half hour before was now being whipped into mad whitecaps. It was getting dark at four o'clock in the afternoon. Then for a few minutes everything became so still that it seemed as if everyone was holding his breath. Every old sailor aboard that ship realized what that awful stillness meant. It was only the calm before the storm would break.

"Keep the men busy bailing out that water as long as they can stay on deck; for if this storm lasts very long we are doomed," shouted Captain Saunders to his chief officer.

Lenora Hastings had come on deck with her aunt. She had heard the men talking about the storm, but showed no outward fear.

A few minutes later, the first few puffs of wind struck the old ship and it seemed as if it gave a gasp as one when suddenly doused with cold water. Then the storm struck in all its fury. It was almost dark now, as if night had suddenly come on. The chief officer, with the crew, could hardly be seen as they worked like mad men bailing the water out of the forepeak.

In a very short while the sea was a terrifying thing to behold. Great pillars of water seemed to come from all directions at once, and on meeting would smash into one another with a sound like the clap of thunder.

The old West Wind was laboring heavily in the great waves and seemed to be groaning in every rib. A heavy sea came over the bow and drenched the men working forward, knocking some of them down. The chief mate, seeing that the men could no longer stick to the deck, on account of the heavy seas, shouted for them to follow him aft. But the men, with frightened faces, only stared at the mate's back as he started aft. The mate had gotten almost to the after end of the forward well deck when a great sea crashed upon him, carrying him away with it as if he had been a straw.

Those upon the bridge now looked upon a terrible and heart-rending scene. The bow of the old ship had settled so low in the water that the men forward had no place to get out of the storm. A heavy sea caught one man, picked him up, and carried him over the side. But the ship rolled heavily to that side at the same time, and the man was washed back aboard, only to be picked up by the next sea and crashed into the bulkhead with a sound that left no doubt as to his end.

Three men were washed overboard by the next sea, and their screams could easily be heard by those in the pilot house. The bow of the old ship now arose on top of a tremendous sea and then plunged the whole forward part of the ship into the next one. When her bow came clear this time, no man remained where ten had been shortly before.

Ever since the storm broke, young Jim Blake had been at the wheel. He had fought with all his power and skill at the wheel to hold the old ship into the heavy seas. But the bow was now so low that her rudder was almost clear of the water. At his side had stood Lenora all this time. Both now realized that in the end there could be only one answer. They knew that no life boat could be launched in that sea, besides all the boats had been carried away except one and it was far aft on the poop deck and could not be reached for the water.

The old West Wind now fell away before

the heavy seas, and they began to hit her broadside on. Eight men made a mad dash from the midship deckhouse to try and reach the boat on the poop deck, but an angry sea picked them up in its embrace as if it were hungry, and carried them away.

The grizzly old captain, standing there on the wing of the bridge, looked at the young man and woman standing quietly by the ship's helm, within the pilot house. For himself, it didn't matter so much, but the two young people were only on life's threshold. He would almost barter his soul if he could save them from the impending doom. He had no false hope now of anyone escaping from the storm. He knew that it was only a matter of minutes now until the old West Wind would take its last plunge. He could see that the young couple were now facing each other. They seemed to look deep into each other's soul and a calm smile appeared on the girl's face. The old captain saw the young man take the girl in his arms and hold her in a close embrace as if he would shield her with his own body. After all, they were going out together, and he must go alone. There now was heard several great rending crashes as one bulkhead after another gave way. A great sea, which must have been king of them all, picked up the old ship, and with a mighty crash, sent it plunging beneath the stormy waves. Only a faint cry from far aft, in the crew's quarters, could be heard as the fatal plunge was made. Great plunging seas were the only things that could be seen now, where only a few moments ago precious lives lived and breathed. The sea had taken its toll.

THE JOYS OF NIGHT

Just a walking in the moonlight
  When the stars are shining too:
Radiant beams make hearts delight.
  Oh! it's almost more than true.

Hark! there goes a voice of nightbirds,
  Fills the night with notes so gay,
Seems like One just whispers glad words,
  Says His joys are here to stay.

Come! let's speak some words of love
  For the things that nature sends:
It's a gift sent from above.
  How our hearts so true it blends!

—L. C. H.

FOR YOU

If I had a million dollars
I'd share you every cent,
And if I ruled the U. S. A.
I'd make you President.

Were I politically bent
Working like a mouse,
You'd be Senate President
And Speaker of the House.

If I were Colonel Lindbergh
And flew his aeroplane,
I'd take you down to Paris
And bring you back again.

In other words, I want to say,
There's naught I shouldn't do,
If I were such a man today
And you should ask me to.

—J. H.

BLISS

Out of the weary heart a thought
  To soften years to be;
Out of cold and dreary dreams
  Words of purity;
Out of the night a shining light,
  Sign of mystery things;

Out of the dregs my soul shall lift
  And ride on heaven's wings;
Out of a circling, changing path
  My footsteps seem to miss—
I reach, I tread the righteous way
  The road that leads to bliss.

—J. H.

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—Clyde Nelson.
Business Manager—Gerald Michaux.
Circulation Manager—Watson Painter.
Literary Editor—Harold Miller.
Literary Editor—B. A. Foster, Jr.
Literary Editor—William Wofford.

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the student body.

Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

EDITORIALS

The Talkies

The trend of the modern motion picture is evidently for the better. In times past it has been the policy of the producers to present the type pictures which would appeal to the emotions of the masses. This policy was followed for one reason only—financial. As long as the majority of theatre-goers were satisfied with the kind presented and the crowds filled the play houses, it was only natural that these things should be the vogue of the day.

A new era has dawned, however. No longer can these makers of the drama throw a half-made plot with a few ineffective scenes on the screen and expect an audience. It is a fact that a large number of people still delight in the showing of the western thrillers and some in the slap stick comedy which is raw and unrefined, but the large majority demand and are getting something better. Tom Mix with his two guns was at one time the largest individual drawing star in the movies. This was due to the fact that these films were shown in the theatres of the smaller towns all over the country and all the inhabitants swarmed into the place on Saturday because it was the only place of amusement.

The advent of the talking picture, technicolor and all the things which go with it, was the result of a growing demand for some substitute for the legitimate drama. The people refused to pay for box office prices for a showing of Shakespeare or Ibsen, but they also refused to see the films which were being shown.

As peculiar as it may seem, the producers can feel the slightest change in sentiment over the country. They knew at once that they were not satisfying. There had to be a change. And there was a change. The first talkies were rotten. There was an attempt to hide the bad acting behind the novelty of sound and color. The public soon rebelled and a necessity for something better was seen again. Now we are getting it. The greatest stars of all time are now performing for the movie companies. They are making history out of the screen. We don't believe that even this can ever quite take the place of the legitimate drama, but it is better than anything which we have ever had before.

Dr. Hibben Resigns

Dr. John Grier Hibben's announcement that he intends to retire as president of Princeton University at the end of the academic year, 1931-32, will cause general regret in the educational world and among his admirers everywhere. Distinguished head of one of the finest institutions of higher learning in the United States, Dr. Hibben's retirement will mean a great loss to education.

Dr. Hibben was elected president of Princeton to succeed Woodrow Wilson after his resignation in 1910 to become governor of New Jersey. President Hibben was inaugurated in 1912, the late Dean Henry Fine having served as acting president in the interim. In the years that he has been president of Princeton, he has maintained its excellent scholastic standards and its fine traditions. Under him Princeton has remained one of the best as it is one of the oldest of American educational institutions.

In his statement, Dr. Hibben explains that for a long time he has had in mind the intention of retiring as president at the end of 20 years of service, which he will complete in June, 1932. In the long history of Princeton, only three other presidents have served longer terms than his. They were John Witherspoon, the sixth president, who served from 1768 to 1799; James Carnohan, the ninth, from 1823 to 1854, and James McCosh, the eleventh, from 1868 to 1888.

While Dr. Hibben had informally expressed his intention of retiring at the meeting of the board of trustees of Princeton last June, he had not expected to make it known publicly until a later date. Publication of a rumor that he was to resign, however, forced him to make the announcement. Nothing has yet been done about selecting his successor.

The only reason suggested for Dr. Hibben's retirement is a rumor that he intends to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of New Jersey. So far as his statement goes, he has not verified that rumor. If it is true, his candidacy would be of very great interest, especially in view of the fact that his predecessor at Princeton started out in politics on that route—a route which took him to the highest office in the land and to a place as the foremost world figure of his day. Will John Grier Hibben try to follow in Woodrow Wilson's footsteps?

—C. N.

Road to Fame

Recent developments seem to indicate that the best thing which can happen to a man is to be kicked out of school. "Spades" Woods and Benny DeLoach ought to have a deep affection for Wofford. Just think what might have happened if they had drifted along with the tide and graduated. Possibly a calamity might have been the result. One of them might have been principal and teacher of general science at Roebuck and the other straining his vocal chords running the scales for the little brats at high school.

Dr. Harris has been elected president of the Spartanburg Kiwanis Club. The local Kiwanians are doing a great work in the city and Wofford is honored by having a member of the faculty as head of the group. We believe this will be the most successful year they have ever had. Here's to you, Dr. Harris!

—C. N.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

JOHN A. MAY, *Editor*

"The Concept."—The Christmas issue of "The Concept" is what we call a real literary magazine. It contains plenty of everything, and it all seems to be exceptionally good. Miss Stikeleather has many useful contributions, but her essay on "Carl Sandburg" stands out as one of the best in that line. The sketch on "Two Southern Authors" is good, but entirely too short. The poetry in this issue keeps up with the standard that has already been set by "The Concept." Especially good is the poetry of Misses Stokes, Stikeleather, Caldwell, Weeks, Harper, Park, and McMillan. Your Cinquains are what make "The Concept" different from other literary magazines.

"The Winthrop Journal."—December must have been an off month at Winthrop, because we find that your December issue is not up to the usual Winthrop standard. However, Miss Kennerly has done her share in a very fine essay on "Rhythm and Repetition in Poe's Poetry." It is the high light of this issue.

"The Erothesian"—Lander also slipped up on the Christmas issue and as a result we could only find two articles worth comment. They are "Reconstruction in South Carolina in 1876," by Miss Yarborough, and "Essays on Beowulf," by three members of the Sophomore class. Miss Yarborough's sketch is more of a book review of the book by John S. Reynolds, but she covers the field well and thus saves the Erothesian.

"The Lantern."—We are glad to welcome to the South Carolina literary magazines a newcomer from Limestone. The first issue is rather unique, but we understand that you wish it to be so, and we believe that such a type of magazine as you publish will meet with great success. We hope so.

"The Bashaba."—Coker steps out in the December issue with a good, well-rounded magazine, and we congratulate you on it. You should feel justly proud of Miss Freeman's essay on "Contemporary Poetry as Expressive of Contemporary Life." To say that it is good would not do it full justice. It is one of the best we have ever seen in a college magazine. More material like this essay will permanently establish "The Bashaba" among the best in the south.

"The Carolinian."—We missed the December number, but enjoyed the November issue very much. We thought "Disarmament," by Ralph Derreck, and "The Suicide," by W. I. Latham, were real entertaining. However, we cannot understand why the University cannot publish a larger magazine, with more variety.

"The College of Charleston Magazine."—Frankly, we did not find very much material in your November number. A. J. Tamberg seems to continue to hold up your magazine, and as long as he writes such sketches as

"Coleridge's Decline as a Poet," you should feel proud that you have him. We thoroughly disagree with Mr. Welch in his address on "Alexander Hamilton and the Nation." After reading it, I am more convinced that Hamilton was not so much American, after all.

We acknowledge receipt of "The Collegian," Presbyterian College; "The Tatler," Randolph-Macon.

OVERTONES

The editor of "American Mercury" said one time that the sum total of a student's intellectual ability could be summed up by determining the magazines he read. He further stated he had formed certain opinions about current publications. " 'Liberty Magazine,' he said, "is published for morons, and 'The New Yorker' has changed America's sense of humor." By the time I had finished reading the article by Mr. Mencken, I really didn't think much of my intellectual ability. I have never wasted any time reading "Liberty," however, and I agree that "The New Yorker" is the kind of thing I like. Here is a list of what I believe are America's best publications: "The New Yorker," "Harper's," "N. Y. Times," "Vanity Fair," "American Mercury," "Scientific American" and "Review of Reviews."

And speaking of the "New Yorker," here is an idea of a few things you pick up in it. The curator of the Metropolitan Museum has to answer a lot of questions. Some people want to know how strong Richard, the Lion Hearted, was in comparison with Jack Dempsey. Also, whether a knight could get on his horse with his armor on without aid.

Some of the boys in those days could spring over the horse with a full suit of armor on, and the outfit weighs between fifty and one hundred pounds. However, that would be an easy task for practically any of our football players today. A man wearing it today has to have a special kind of underclothing, and as the suits are poorly ventilated, one usually gets rather warm dancing. The greatest prize remaining undiscovered in the line is the suit of Joan of Arc. It would be easy to recognize because it was white and small and unusually fine. Some of the authorities believe that it will be found sooner or later.

The best story of the month concerns a taxicab driver. A lady, coming to the corner where one of these big boys was parked, inquired of him: "My man, are you free?" He raised his calm gray eyes to the lady, and replied: "Madam, as Plato has said, 'No man is free'."

And this:—

"Now, what is the name?" asked the drug store clerk as he accepted the package of films from the lady."

"Boyd," said the customer.

"Ah!" said the clerk, eagerly, "any relation to the great explorer?"

We have heard that the Pope dedicated a dial telephone system in the Vatican state. Now that the senator from Alabama has been retired from active politics, His Holiness can do almost as he pleases. And a famous Wall Street banker says that there was no money actually lost in the great stock market crash; it only changed hands. A collateral pass, so to speak.

Einstein doesn't seem to understand why certain manufacturers have offered him huge sums of American money to say that he has found their brand to be far superior to any other without trying to insult him. It is said that there are only six people in the world who can comprehend this.

This isn't really meant as an advertisement. However, going to the Ritzy Theater once in a while is the nearest thing to having that same old feeling you used to have when you went to the old town palace back home years ago. The place is small, some of the seats are ready to fall, and the stage is too small to have more than six people on it at one time. You hear the cracking of peanuts and the loud peals of laughter from drunks who have sauntered in. I often wonder why I go at all, because the vaudeville acts, for the most part, are rotten and the reels are usually out of date. The reason must be because it is so much like the theater used to be when there was the thrill of just going. I recommend it for an evening's diversion.

Here's to the honor system. If it improves as much within the next two years as it seems to have since the present session opened, it will be almost perfect. After all, it is the only fair thing. It is hard to sit by a boy and watch him ride to an A grade while you sit through an honest examination, knowing more and making less. It hurts.

Miss Mary Gee, dean of Converse, is my idea of an example of a perfect and astute observer of human nature—especially college girls, and more especially college boys.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

Them ez wants, must choose.
Them ez has, must lose.
Them ez knows, won't blab.
Them ez guesses, will gab.
Them ez borrows, sorrows.
Them ez lends, spends.
Them ez gives, lives.
Them ez keeps dark, is deep.
Them ez kin earn, kin keep.
Them ez aims, hits.
Them ez has, gits.
Them ez waits, win.
Them ez will, kin.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

If a man who for turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than a father.

—Samuel Johnson.

Joy is the blossom, sorrow is the fruit,
Of human life; and worms are at the root.
—Walter Savage Landor.

This house, where once a lawyer dwelt,
Is now a smith's. Alas!
How rapidly the iron age
Succeeds the age of brass!
—William Erskine.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I said so once, and now I know it.
—John Gay.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew.
Pray, Sir, tell me,—whose dog are you?
—Alexander Pope.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Swans sing before they die—'Twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation.
—David Garrick.

After such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife;
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.
—Thomas Hood.

Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare—who dare kill whom he will.
—Jonathan Swift.

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.
—John Harrington.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."
"Why so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"
—Thomas Moore.

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
O, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adam-ant.
—Thomas Moore.

Here lies my wife, here let her lie.
Now she's at rest, and so am I.
—John Dryden.

A lovely young lady I mourn in my rhymes:
She was pleasant, good natured, and civil sometimes.
Her figure was good; she had very fine eyes,
And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.
Her adorers were many, and one of them said,
"She waltzed rather well. It's a pity she's dead."
—George John Cayley.

I change, and so do women, too.
But I reflect, which women never do.
—Unknown.

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.
—George Macdonald.

Hod saw, if, by some strange new law,
All kisses scarred.
For she who is most beautiful
Would be most marred.

And we might be surprised to see
Some lovely wife
Smooth-visaged, while a seeming prude
Was marked for life.
—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.
—Robert Browning.

Oh, memories that bless—and burn.
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss.
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.
—Robert Cameron Rogers.

A pretty good firm is "Watch and Wait,"
And another is "Attit, Early and Late";
And still another is "Doo and Dairet";
But the best is probably "Grin and Barrett."
—Walter G. Doty.

A bright little maid of St. Thomas
One day found a suit of pajamas;
Said the maiden, "Well, well,
What these are I can't tell,
But I'm certain the garments ain't mama's."
—Carolyn Wells.

There was a young girl of Lanore
The same shape behind as before.
As no one knew where
To offer a chair,
She had to sit down on the floor.
—Cosmo Monkhouse.

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside,
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside:
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside:
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.
—George Strong (from "The Song of Milkanwatha.")

EYES AND EARS

(The Latest in Books, Cinema and Drama)

At this time, as Robert Sherwood says, every movie critic is supposed to select the ten best motion pictures of the year 1930. Although far from being a movie critic, yet perhaps we too might try our hand at it. So here goes, in the order of their excellence:

(1) "Street of Chance," for the smooth and finished acting of William Powell.

(2) "Common Clay," for the splendid acting of Constance Bennett and Lewis Ayres.

(3) "Anna Christie," for the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice and because it is her first really great picture.

(4) "Holiday," for the great story, the great cast, and especially the great acting of Ann Harding.

(5) "Abraham Lincoln," for the superb acting of Walter Huston, for the masterful direction of David Work Griffith, and for the perfectly fitting dialogue by Stephen Vincent Benet, author of "John Brown's Body."

(6) "All Quiet on the Western Front," for the brilliant acting of that promising newcomer, Lewis Ayres, and for the stark realism of War.

(7) "Journey's End," for the faithful adaptation of the play to the sound screen, for the faultless performance of Colin Clive, for the reading of portions of "Alice in Wonderland," by Ian MacLaren, and for the dramatic finish of the film.

(8) "The Dawn Patrol," for the excellent story, for the brilliant work of Richard Barthelmess, and for the salvation of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

(9) "Tol'able David," for the almost miraculous performance of the young Richard Cromwell, for the successful attempt to refilm a masterpiece of the silent screen, once superbly acted by Richard Barthelmess, and for the perfect villainy of Noah Beery.

(10) "Morocco," for the entrance into American motion pictures of a most promising actress, Marlene Dietrich, and for the thoughtful teaming of her with Gary Cooper.

It is interesting to note several facts concerning these films: (1) There is not a single one which might be called a comedy, musical or otherwise; (2) three are directly concerned with war, and two others have war as incidental; (3) four of them represent the first screen appearance of four very promising players, Lewis Ayres, Colin Clive, Richard Cromwell and Marlene Dietrich; (4) five of them end with the death of the main character, portrayed by William Powell, Walter Huston, Lewis Ayres, Colin Clive, and Richard Barthelmess; (5) no single company produced more than two of these ten motion pictures; (6) only one actor plays in more than one of these films, Lewis Ayres, who is in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Common Clay"; (7) eight motion picture companies are represented in the production of these films; (8) only three have a player, listed as a star, in the cast. These stars are William Powell, Greta Garbo, and Richard Barthelmess. (9) Nine are essentially dramatic and rely primarily on character portrayals for their effectiveness, only one film

being dominated by a condition and not by the characters, this being "All Quiet on the Western Front." (10) Seven of these pictures have men as the main character, while three have women, portrayed by Constance Bennett, Ann Harding and Greta Garbo.

Among the forthcoming films to which we are looking forward with the greatest interest are: "The New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore; "Reaching for the Moon," with Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels; "Three Faces East," with Constance Bennett and Eric Von Stroheim; "The Great Meadow," with Eleanor Boardman and Johnny Mack Brown; Zane Grey's "Fighting Caravans," with Gary Cooper and Lily Damita; "Dishonored," with Gary Cooper and Marlene Deitrich; "Beau Ideal," with Ralph Forbes and Loretta Young, and "Unfit to Print," with George Bancroft.

"CHARLES W. ELIOT"—BY HENRY JAMES

The recording of such a long and fruitful life as that of Dr. Eliot would be quite a task for any biographer, and Mr. James has certainly performed it in an admirable manner, and it stamps him as one of the most successful products of the Eliot regime at Harvard.

Eliot's inauguration was attended by an imposing array, including Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and others with names like Dana, Peabody, Storer, Saltonstall, Lyman, and Ticknor. Some of them were afraid that he might be too radical; others that he might not be radical enough. The fears of the first group were justified.

R. E. Sherwood says: "Eliot upset the apple cart of traditional classical education. He believed that young men should be given liberty to choose what they should study. Charles W. Eliot was called 'the last of the Puritans.' The word Puritan now carries a connotation of odium, because of the bastard form of Puritanism which has infected our race; but when applied to such as Eliot (and it's an unhappy fact that there aren't many such left), it becomes a red badge of courage, of persistent progressiveness, of dignity, of independence."

"BACK STREET"—FANNIE HURST

Fannie Hurst is one of our strongest women novelists, and her latest novel is characterized by that depressing sombreness that is to be found in the majority of her books. Here is a story that will grip the reader with its possibilities of life.

"THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH"—MARTHA OSTENSO

This is the latest offering of this talented novelist, and is a further example of her forceful writing, her gift for characterization and her skillful craftsmanship.

Miss Ostenso's titles are always well chosen: "Wild Geese," "Dark Dawn," "The Young May Moon," and, above all, this one, "The Waters Under the Earth."

MONEY MATTERS

After diagnosing, in an article in "The Nation and Athenaeum," the world-wide business depression, John Maynard Keynes concludes that an effective remedy would be that the central banks of the three great creditor nations, the United States, France and Eng-

land, should join together in a bold scheme to restore confidence to the international long-term loan market. One of the important events in the economic history of this decade was the recent publication of Mr. Keynes' "A Treatise on Money."

POETRY

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Untermeyer have closed their house at Elizabethtown, N. Y., and are leaving shortly for a two months stay in Bermuda, "to toughen Joseph (their son) and plan great things for posterity," as Mr. Untermeyer puts it. Mr. Untermeyer has completed work on a companion volume to his popular "Modern American Poetry," to be called "Early American Poetry." Harcourt, Brace and Company expect to publish it this fall.

AMERICANS

Fred J. Ringel, author and literary agent, leaves for Europe on January 13th on the Europa. "America as Americans See It," a collection of articles by fifty prominent Americans, edited and with an introduction by Mr. Ringel, will be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace and Company. Arrangements are being made for simultaneous publication in six countries.

WAR!

The smug Americans who ignore the rumors of war that continue to come from Europe or put them aside with the remark that we are not concerned should read "That Next War," by Major K. A. Bratt, a Swedish army officer. He backs up General Mitchell in saying that the next war will be decided in the air. He also states with disquieting arguments that the objectives will be the destruction of cities and civilians rather than the defeat of armies.

PIGS

Guineapygmalion was the title bestowed by his father on a little boy in Peggy Bacon's new book for children, "The Terrible Nuisance" (Junior Literary Guild for January). The little boy, imitating his sculptor father, had made two life-size guinea pigs in clay. He wanted passionately to own a real live guinea pig. Fortunately, his father knew the story of Pygmalion, and one night the clay guinea pigs came alive.

"THE FRONT PAGE"

"The Front Page," Howard Hughes' next film-play, is now in production at the United Artists studio.

Under direction of Lewis Milestone, the industry's most talked-about director, and with a brilliant all-star line-up of players, the celluloid edition of this sensational newspaper story is in the making at last. It was two years ago that Howard Hughes bought this story for the screen at a cost of $125,000.

"The Front Page" is Lewis Milestone's first directorial effort since "All Quiet on the Western Front," which the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences adjudged the best picture of 1930.

It was Milestone who directed Howard Hughes' first screen production, "Two Arabian Knights," which placed him in the front rank of directors, and incidentally elevated Louis Wolheim to international popularity as an actor. Subsequently Milestone directed

"The Racket," another Howard Hughes production. This film and "Two Arabian Knights" were also prize-winning selections of the Motion Picture Academy. Milestone is now determined to win next year's prize from the Academy with "The Front Page."

"The Front Page," a rough and rollicking yarn of newspaper life, in a Chicago background, was written by Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur, and adapted to the screen by Bartlett Cormack.

Louis Wolheim and Pat O'Brien, both under contract to Howard Hughes, have the leading male roles. Mary Brian has the leading feminine role opposite O'Brien, and Mae Clarke has an important character part. Others in the cast include Edward Everett Horton, Walter Catlett, Fred Howard, Matt Moore, Frank McHugh, Phil Tead, Eugene Strong, George E. Stone, Clarence Hummel Wilson, Spencer Charters, Maurice Black, Dick Alexander, Heine Conklin, James Gordon, Effie Essler, and Dorothy Wolbert.

"The Front Page," among other features, is noted for its scintillating dialogue, punctuated with profanity and rough-and-ready wit. The blasphemy, according to Mr. Hughes, will be practically eliminated in the screen version, but in nowise will it weaken the story. In every instance where the cussing was used with telling effect, there has been substituted appropriate dialogue. Contrary to popular belief, "The Front Page" does not rely as much on dialogue as on plot and action to register with its auditors. These dramatic features have been enhanced in the film treatment of the story, insuring plenty of thrills and action for the fastest-thinking audiences.

INTRODUCING: PAT O'BRIEN

The part of "Hildy" Johnson in "The Front Page," which scores of established screen stars begged to play, goes to a young Broadway actor who has never appeared before in a film.

He is Pat O'Brien, star of "The Up and Up" and other New York stage-hits. O'Brien was brought to Hollywood, his first trip to the movie capital, by Howard Hughes, who has placed the actor under long-term contract.

It was a year ago that Producer Hughes awarded the leading feminine role in "Hell's Angels" to a then unknown girl, Jean Harlow. This, too, was one of the most sought-after roles in pictures. Miss Harlow is now recognized as one of the most promising of the new crop of stars.

Disregarding the latest flair of contemporary producers in signing up "big names" as a box office gesture, Producer Hughes searched the ranks of both screen and stage for what he believed was the most appropriate actor for "The Front Page" lead. O'Brien's success in the same role on the stage, and his superb screen and voice tests, won the assignment for him over the most formidable competition ever up for a part.

"I signed O'Brien because I believe he is the best actor for the part," declared Hughes. "The public has always welcomed new personalities on the screen, and will continue to do so in the future—providing they have the proper appeal. I am gambling that O'Brien will develop into a real box office attraction."

O'Brien is a native of Milwaukee, where he attended Marquette University and starred

in football. He has played leads in numerous hit-plays on Broadway, and was rehearsing for another when Hughes paid for his release and signed him for "The Front Page."

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN ANTE-BELLUM NORTH CAROLINA

By C. C. Norton

The writer speaks as one having authority, and the work would be interesting even to the North Carolina republicans. (We spell the Democratic party with a capital.) He has covered the entire field of the party's activity during the period, and it is delightfully told.

Many incidents, which have been dug up after evident hard work and tedious research, are brought out, and they throw a new light on party activity during the time. We recommend it as a most interesting book, even to those who are not especially concerned with this particular field of work. To those who are concerned, it is indispensable.

—C. N.

ALL THE WOFFORD BOYS
EAT
DRINK AND SMOKE
at
BURNETT'S

Wilson's Drug Store
"The Rexall Store"
Welcome Wofford Students
Near The Cleveland

Maillard's Candies
from
Heinitsh Drug Store
"On the Square"

Braeburn University Clothes for Men
Featured by
THE MAN'S STORE
109 East Main St.

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Store
Smart Shoes and Socks
Collegiate Style Leaders of Spartanburg
SPRAWLES & CHRISTOPHER
Wofford Representatives
311 Snyder Hall

The DuPre Book Store
BOOKS
and
STUDENT SUPPLIES
Students Cordially Welcomed
194 E. Main St. Phone 70

DRINK
Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES

Palmetto Drug Store

"The Rexall Store"

CUT-RATE DRUGS, SODAS, CIGARS, CANDIES

Try Our

SPECIAL LUNCHEONETTE

Service at Popular Prices

Corner Main and Church

Buy Once to Last a Lifetime

CONFIDENCE, VALUE, SAFETY

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
"THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY"

146 East Main Street

"PLUG" OSBORNE (Wofford, '17)

RALPH CRUTCHFIELD (Wofford, '26)

WELCOME TO

Carolina Sporting Goods Co.

SWEATERS - TENNIS - GOLF
SPORTS CLOTHING

Phone 142 **182 E. Main St.**

Piedmont Cafe

274 Magnolia St.

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

Open All Night

Stop here for drinks on your way to and from the college

Martin's Pharmacy

"Montgomery Building"

THE ELITE and LA PETITE ELITE

ICE CREAM
and
LUNCHES

Special Attention Given to Banquets

NUNNALLY'S CANDIES

HARRY PRICE

"Ends Your Quest for the Best"

122 East Main St.

CLOTHIER & FURNISHER

Where Authentic College Styles Prevail

Sam Koon, John (Pop) Jackson
Representatives

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Foremost Dairy Products, Inc.

(HUB CITY ICE CREAM CO.)

164 Library Street Spartanburg, S. C.

684—Phones—685

The Rock and The Sand

The lord of all the earth said: "Every one then, that listens to this teaching of mine and acts upon it, may be compared to a prudent man who builds his home (his business, his character) upon rock.

"Down comes the rain (trouble, adversity, hard times), the rivers rise, the winds blow and beat upon the house, and yet it does not fall, because its foundations are upon rock.

"But every one that listens to this teaching of mine, and does not act upon it, may be compared to a foolish man, who builds his house upon the sand.

"Down comes the rain, the rivers rise, the winds blow and strike upon that house, and it falls, and great indeed is its downfall."

In which picture do you find yourself? Build wisely in mind, heart, soul and business—

ALL IS WELL.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

FOUNDED 1871

STRONG COURTEOUS HELPFUL

BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

The Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Wofford College Library
Spartanburg, S. C.

Presented by
Mr.
Herbert Hucks, Jr
Archivist
Wofford College
(Class of 1934)
JAN 4 1971

SHORT STORY NUMBER

1931

FOR Twenty-Seven years we have been doing Good Printing for Wofford College and Wofford College Students. ¶ Menus, Club and Fraternity Stationery, Engraved Stationery and Visiting Cards. ¶ In fact, everything you need in Printing or Engraving.

BAND & WHITE
Good Printing

Phones 362-363 144 Spring St.

1854 1930

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

Offering

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

and

MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

PRE-MEDICAL, PRE-ENGINEERING, PRE-LAW COURSES

COURSES IN EDUCATION AND RELIGION

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service—Strong Faculty—Large Library—Well Equipped Laboratories—Ample Dormitory Facilities—Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit—Athletic Grounds—All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics.

Write for Catalogue to

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

THE start of the year is the time to decide whether you will be anything but one year older at the end of it. You can go through 1930 growing steadily richer, steadily to the goal of your ambition, if you will save part of your earnings each week : : : : :

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

— OFFICERS —

JNO. A. LAW.....President
CHAS. C. KIRBY.....Vice-President
M. E. BOWDEN.....Vice-President & Cashier
H. B. CHAPMAN.....Asst. Cashier
W. R. FRANCE.....Asst. Cashier
J. N. WRIGHT, JR.....Asst. Cashier

— DIRECTORS —

H. L. Bomar, J. J. Burnett, S. F. Cannon, C. C. Kirby, Jno. A. Law, L. W. Perrin, M. E. Bowden, J. B. Caldwell, H. M. Cleveland, A. M. Law, F. L. Liles, T. S. Perrin, M. G. Stone

BLUE LANTERN CAFETERIA

124 East Main Phone 1847

HURRAH FOR WOFFORD!

EAT

Blue Bird Ice Cream

PURE—DELICIOUS—HEALTHFUL

CREAM OF THE PIEDMONT SECTION

Wofford Cash Store

A. A. LAVANTIS

Boys, next to home it's the best place to eat

COLD DRINKS, STATIONERY AND CANDIES

We Cash Your Checks

Ligon's Drug Store, Inc.

WELCOME TO ALL COLLEGE BOYS!

Fountain Pens of Every Make

COME TO SEE US

Phone 30

GREENEWALD'S, Inc.

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

HOME OF

Fashion Park Clothes

Florsheim Shoes & Dobbs Hats

SINCE I'VE LOST YOU

Old age for my pets,
  Logs for my fire,
A small flower garden,
  Are all I require.

After thinking quite lately,
  I admit with more ease
I'm exceedingly bold
  To ask life for these.

C. N.

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—Clyde Nelson.
Business Manager—Gerald Michaux.
Circulation Manager—Watson Painter.
Literary Editor—Harold Miller.
Literary Editor—B. A. Foster, Jr.
Literary Editor—William Wofford.

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.
THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the student body.
Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

EDITORIALS

I "Also" Ran

SOME of the great thinkers and political leaders of the nation are urging the college graduates to go into politics. They are emphasizing the fact that what the country needs is better men in office. It is a fact that something is wrong and that more brains and less oratory are needed and yet there seem to be many disadvantages in entering the field.

A graduate of a respectable institution should be able to work up to a position of influence in the business or professional world if he applies himself diligently and waits his turn. This seems to hold true in practically any field except politics. There seems to be no rule as to the chances for success there. The most ignorant and least prepared to handle the business of government seem to have just as good a chance of election as any other. The trouble is with the voter. The average man who casts a ballot isn't interested in the least. He feels it a duty to vote, or else votes because he happens to be particularly interested in one candidate. The electorate must wake up if they expect the best men to run for office.

No person wants to run unless he expects at least to have an even chance of election. The following article illustrates how one defeated candidate feels about the matter:

"I ran for the legislature and one dose cured me. I lost three months, twenty-one days canvassing, 342 hours of sleep studying about the election, twenty-three acres of corn, four acres of pumpkins, three acres of peas, an entire crop of potatoes and cabbages and one acre of goobers. I had four teeth knocked down my throat besides a handful of hair pulled out and half my beard torn from my face in personal encounters with my opponents. I donated one beef, four hogs and six sheep to picnics. I gave away ten pair of suspenders, six calico dresses, seven big dolls and three dozen baby rattles. I kissed 283 babies (regardless of sex, color or condition), kindled one hundred and twenty-four kitchen fires, put up thirteen stoves, helped cut fourteen cords of wood, carried thirty-four buckets of water, and helped gather four wagons full of corn. I got drunk twenty-three times, walked 276 miles, shook hands with 8,876 people, told 12,642 lies and talked enough to fill 14 volumes of post office reports. I attended sixteen religious revivals, was baptized four times by immersion and three times by sprinkling. I contributed $50.00 to the campaign fund in cash and three times that amount in notes payable in one, two and three years. I made love to eight widows, was dog bitten seventeen times, and was finally defeated by a large vote. Now I pray the Lord to deliver

me from politics, now, henceforth and forevermore." —C. N.

"Our Motto of Life"

We believe that life is made up of DAYS. If at the end of the day we can say that we have not done anything disgraceful or anything that we will be ashamed of the rest of our lives, we can say that it is another little part of the whole of life spent.

We believe that we mustn't take either ourselves or the other fellow too seriously, because, after all, only once or perhaps twice during the span of the average existence does anything so vitally important come up that it should require one to stop and say that it must never happen again.

We believe that tomorrow is always just another DAY and that if tonight sees the accomplishment of what we have purposed to do during the DAY, tomorrow will always be a better one and we can look any man in the face and say, "Go to the Devil."

The Eighth Day of the Week

(By Sam Walter Foss)

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth
month of the eighth day of the week,
On the twenty-fifth hour and the sixty-first
minute, we'll find all things that we seek.
They are there in the limbo of Lollipop Land,
a cloud island resting in air,
On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist,
in the Valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist,
in the Valley of Overthere,
On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are
palaces grand and fair;
And there is where our dreams will come true,
and the seeds of our hope will grow,
On the Thitherward side of the Hills of Hope,
in the Hamlet of Hocus-Po.

On the Thitherward side of the Hills of Hope,
in the Hamlet of Hocus-Po,
We shall see all the things that we want to see,
and know all we care to know;
For there the old men will never lament, and
the babies will never squeak,
In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the
county of Hideandgoseek.

In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the
county of Hideandgoseek,
On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth
month of the eighth day of the week,
We shall do all the things that we please to do,
and accomplish whatever we try,
On the Sunset shore of Sometimeorother, by
the beautiful bay of Bimeby.

I COULDN'T, OLD MAN

By Bernard A. Foster, Jr.

"THERE'S not another in the world like it. The markings are distinct and unmistakably different. I treasure it more than my very life, so mad have I become on the subject of curios."

Major Phillip Richmond, honored British World War hero and explorer recently returned from the tombs of the Pharaohs in the Egyptian sands, was speaking at the head of a great banquet table. In his upheld hand was a small jeweled box — a beautiful thing. He called it a "snuff box."

"From the tomb of a Pharaoh it came and there is no object on my shelves I value so highly. Look at it, if you will — all of you. I insist you examine it carefully and retain a mental picture. I believe some day it will be worth even more than now. May I pass it along?"

Down the left side of the long table moved the treasured little box, attracting the eyes of army officers, weather-beaten explorers, society matrons, girls recently presented at court, and dashing young Britishers—all radiating that glorious English formality.

"Deucedly unusual."

"Rather weird, I should say."

"Quite amazing, the centuries it has been hidden."

"What the devil would the mummified owner have to say about the thing chasing around the table here?"

So they chatted; monocled eyes raising as the little jeweled box changed hands and moved around.

It passed the end of the table and started back to Major Richmond. The party seemed noisier for a moment and the odd curio was temporarily forgotten. Chairs moved back. Couples and groups strolled into the drawing room of the manor. Major Richmond's sun-tanned face bore a frown as he saw most of the gathering leave and his little box had not returned. Apparently some person had carried it along to the next room for further inspection. He would say nothing, though quite evidently upset.

"I say, old man," asked the major of a friend, "who last had the thing? Somehow it didn't return."

The iron-gray individual approached in this manner replied he had lost sight of the trinklet after it passed him. Other questions followed from the drawn lips of the owner, but the little box was still missing. He was angered, plainly so. Practical jokes were not to his favor, and his love for the treasure was a passion.

"This is a confounded shame, my friends. I must have the box. Unless it is in my hand in a moment, I shall be forced to search every one of you. And that indeed would be a pity. Give it up, whoever has it, and let's forget."

All stood still and silent. There was no return of the box.

"Damn it all. I shall search you, then."

Through the gathering the major went; into the pockets of men, touching the gowns of

the women. He was angered and embarrassed. The others drawn between anger and a smile.

All had been searched save one — a Captain Miles — considered the major's closest friend on many far-flung expeditions for His Majesty. The major stood in front of him.

"You can't search me, Phillip. I won't have it."

"Don't be absurd, old fellow."

"Don't go into that waistcoat. I am not to be searched, so drop it. I haven't your gadget, and you know it. Take hold of yourself."

"Can't you see you're directing suspicion? All the others have submitted to this unusual procedure, so come along; let's have a look. Frankly, I believe you're joshing me."

"Take you hands off, Phillip. I won't have it."

A butler entered the room: "Beg pardon, but here's a trinket found among the silver. Some person probably left it unknowingly."

It was the jeweled box.

Major Richmond's body quivered. He looked at Captain Miles. He glanced at the others. He snatched the curio from the servant.

"I am sorry, dreadfully so," he bowed to his friends.

He turned to the captain, his companion: "Why wouldn't you permit the search, old chap? Don't you see it would have been all over in a flash? Now you have embarrassed both of us."

"I couldn't, old man. Your story was too good to spoil — your trophy too fascinating. Furthermore, no court in England would have believed me. Look, I picked this up in a little shop in Cairo."

He reached in his waistcoat pocket. In his hand lay a jeweled box exactly like the other.

"PAST DUE"

By Clyde Nelson

BROOKS had tramped the streets all day through a heavy rain, only to be met in every booking office with the same reply.

"Sorry, nothing to give you today."

Musicians had suffered a bad autumn in Manhattan and the prospects for the winter were worse. It was growing steadily colder and drearier every day.

Brooks had worked only three times since July. He had picked up a day and night of work here and there, with only a very meager compensation. But something was better than nothing. Once out on Long Island in a festival orchestra of musicians gathered hastily by a booking agent, again in a band playing at a dance after a football game, and the last time "subbing" for a restaurant musician. Playing tunes for dancing feet those hours had kept him in food, enough to keep existing, until now.

The talkies were the cause. The theatres were discarding their orchestras and the pits were silent as the screen mechanisms produced all the accompaniments needed for a performance. Musicians everywhere were out

of work and they were seen gathered on the street corners every day discussing the matter and growing more thin and haggard with each new dawn.

Some of them had gone to work in restaurants as waiters, and others, forgetting their professional pride in the jolting contact with hunger, were doing all sorts of menial jobs as they waited. The others still held on, hoping against hope for a better day they knew would never come. Brooks was one of these.

He went home. The fifth-floor room was as dreary as the day outside the windows, with dusk coming on. People were hurrying home from work, lured by the lights and the thought of dinner. The three months past due rent, on which he had made only small payments, worried him no small amount. But the landlady had been kind and tolerant, with a belief in Brooks' promises of payment before Thanksgiving.

As he entered his room he found a card from the gas company in his mail box. It was a notice that the gas would be turned off on November 22 if payment was not made immediately. He jammed the card in his pocket. It wouldn't matter if there wasn't any gas tomorrow. He had nothing to cook.

Last week he had written his brother in New Orleans, who was the owner of a small hotel in the French quarter, of his plight, and asked for a job in the cafe orchestra. That would be the end of these rainy, dreary days and lonely nights. The smell of warm food, the hum of conversation and soft music, the molten gold sunshine of the southern days in the little court behind the hotel.

But there had been no reply to his letter. They probably didn't want a wandering musician in worn clothes coming back home like that.

Well, there was one way out. One way to forget the dreams of food and music and sunshine.

Brooks closed the door and window. He saw the lights in the street below glistening in the rain. He turned on the gas jet. The hissing sound fell on his weary mind and tired body as he slid down on the hard, narrow bed in the corner. Might as well end it peacefully and go out in sleep.

In a dreamy, hazy daze and half-stupor, he looked at his watch and then at the small faded calendar on the wall. Eleven forty-five. The night of November 21, with midnight approaching, was as good a time as any to die. Life was all a mess, anyway. No use going on like this.

The gas hissed on and the sleeping man did not hear the knock at the door. Minutes later the landlady and a telegraph messenger, peering into the room, held handkerchiefs over their noses and rushed to the window to raise it. Within a short time the air had cleared and Brooks found himself propped up on a pillow, with his brain and lungs rapidly clearing of the gray fog.

The woman handed him a colored envelope and he tore it open. From New Orleans. Money for his rent and a ticket South. The smell of warm food, the lilt of music and the glint of sunshine rushed back to him. Life wasn't so bad after all, maybe.

"Why didn't I die?" he asked. "How did you happen to find me?"

"The gas was cut off at midnight," answered the landlady. "The telegraph boy

happened to knock on your door and then came after me when he received no answer. I saw you come upstairs and knew you were here. That's how we found you."

Messenger boys with telegrams to deliver at fifteen cents profit each are persistent, and gas companies are prompt when you don't pay your bill within thirty days.

THE TRUE DEMOCRACY

By John Amayser May

(Awarded First Place in Wofford Oratorical Contest, February 23, 1931.)

THE American system of government is based upon a system of political parties. At the beginning of our government, Washington and his followers believed the party system a dangerous one to our rising young democracy, but soon afterwards it was shown that a democracy could not exist without the party as a means of expressing the will of the people. Today the parties, even with their faults, are indispensable to us. We see clearly the necessity of the party to our system of government, but we do not realize the condition of the two major parties. It is not my purpose to lessen the past glories and achievements of any particular party, but I desire to discuss the inadequacy of the party system as it exists today.

Tennyson has said in his "Idylls of the King," "the old order changeth, giving place to the new." The old order has changed, but we have not yet brought forward the new, but we have clung to the old ideas and customs until we are now faced with the failure of the whole American system of government. The present political parties are not true representatives of the progressive American people. Our parties exist in their present forms merely because they have existed with certain formal organizations and purposes in the past. Lord Bryce was right when he said, "The American parties are like two empty bottles—the Republican, a green bottle with a white label; and the Democratic, a white bottle with a green label. Neither party has any clear-cut principles—both have traditions, both have tendencies, and both have war cries, but their main difference is the desire of the Republicans, who are in power, to stay in power, and the desire of the Democrats, who are out of power, to get in power." Our parties have not always been this way. Then, we ask, what is wrong with them? It can be summed up in one phrase, and that phrase is their lack of progressiveness. Our parties have ignored the issues of the day and they have clung to the antiquated ideas of the past with a steel-like grip. Men who would become progressive leaders have been cast aside by selfish politicians and demagogues and classed as insurgents and outlaws. Progressive measures that should concern our party leaders have been stored away to make room for the annual fight on old issues that should have been buried with the saloon and the hoop-skirt. We have now arrived at a place in our political life where we can no longer live on past records. It is well to recall to

our minds the glories and wonderful achievements of the day just past, but we should use the past not only to recall its glories but to profit by its experiences and mistakes. The party is no different from the merchant; when the public demands a change, he brings out new styles and fashions to meet changing conditions. The primary purpose of the merchant and the party is the same, that is to make a living. The American people today are calling upon our parties to bury the past and its old-time, worn-out principles and give us a more progressive government.

We may call our parties by any name we choose, but regardless of the name we give them, there are two main differences — the conservative on the one hand and on the other the liberal or progressive. People are by nature divided into these two classes. One class represents the stand-patters and the other the progressives, one class believes with Hamilton that the government should be by the wealthy, the influential and the powerful, and the other class believes with Jefferson that government should be of, for and by the people. Long before democracy as now understood was anywhere established, long before the American colonies became the United States, England was divided between Tory and Whig or Conservative and Liberal. According to Professor Sait, "The two-party system developed first in England in a struggle between King and Parliament, and like other English institutions, it grew spontaneously under the play of circumstances and was transmitted to the colonies as a part of their political heritage.

National parties cannot be maintained by passive impulses or temporary needs. They must be founded upon permanent principles, and, above all, principles of an economic character. The Republican party of America today is clearly the conservative party under a different name. Not only does it favor capital and the big interests in principle, but also in its actions in carrying on the business of our government. That virile communitarian on government, Claude G. Bowers, states that "one day the head of state by a scratch of his pen increased the tariff loot of the pig iron industry by a 50% gain and the very next day he delivered a denunciation to the farmers on the wickedness of expecting gain by a governmental action." The Republican party, in the face of an impending economic depression, first denied its existence and not only refused to prepare for it, but in the very face of hard times, they enacted the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, the highest tariff in our history, and thus added this burdensome load to the already heavy-laden shoulders of a depressed people. Now in contrast to this conservative Republican party, the Democratic party has the most natural possibilities of being a party of safe and enlightened progressiveness. But its enemies have stripped it so that all that remains of its one time progressiveness is its glorious name. I believe that Democracy in its truest sense means liberalism, and I believe that only through such a party can we apply progressive ideas in our government. Our Democratic party should be that progressive party. But we have allowed ourselves to drift and dream and now we find ourselves in a no man's land. We have allowed our party to fall into evil hands and to become so divided that now we wear

the coat of conservatism and the trousers of liberalism.

It is evident that the one great need in our political system today is Progressiveness. The absence of a progressive party, the absence of a party of foresight, the absence of a party of real true democracy, has brought upon us a burden that we cannot bear.

Failure to see and then failure to understand American progress by our system of government has brought us over the road of indifference, beset on every hand by unemployment and suffering, to the brink of complete disaster. We are not prepared politically to meet and deal with economic disasters when they come. We look around us as a drowning man and call for help when there is no help. An active progressive view fused again into our own Democratic party would enable us to accomplish a definite and a much-needed progressive program. Senator Wagner warns us that we must prepare for the lean years in the years of plenty, and his plan for unemployment insurance as a means of offsetting the troubles of the working man should command our careful and immediate consideration. We spend large sums of money to protect our people against war, but we anticipate no governmental program to prevent the awful sufferings and economic losses of unemployment. It threatens the well-being of millions of our people and endangers the future prosperity of our nation. We need a progressive party to enact a liberal tariff policy, a policy that will not cripple our agricultural interests. The time has come when we must demand a policy that will place all industry on an equal and firm basis. I do not propose to start any third party movement. Our only hope is that the Democratic party, the party that has the power to attract loyalty throughout the country, will return to its real place in our system of party government. This party has shown many progressive signs in the past. Then why cannot we return to that true Democracy? When Federalism attempted to suppress the rights of a new nation, up rose our gallant Thomas Jefferson, who gave us the progressive leadership of the Democratic party. When enemies of Democracy sought to hang upon our necks the conservative millstones of monopolies in government, supported by money interest, up rose our plain, progressive Andrew Jackson, who instilled into American thought the principles of the people.

And again we fought the convervative element when we united behind William Jennings Bryan and declared with him that "you shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." But it remained for the brightest star of them all, Woodrow Wilson, to enact upon our statute books the most progressive measures of our history. The income tax and Federal Reserve systems stand today as landmarks of progress and we challenge any foe to equal them. What we have done in the past we can do in the future, if we but realize the problems that confront us. We have overproduction in oil, overproduction in wheat, overproduction in cotton and overproduction in poverty. We must face this new and greater task with the banner of Jefferson, the sword of Jackson and the spirit of Wilson. We as American citizens are now being called upon to heed the call of progress. Not only is pro-

crastination the thief of time, but failure to hear and failure to answer our country's call at this crucial time will mean that all is lost. No nation, regardless of its power, can long ignore the people who gave it its being. If we do not inject new progressive ideas into our party we might as well commit ourselves to decay and oblivion, for that road is clear. But with a changing of the old order and a true realization of the new we can reach that land where breadlines and doles have no place, where employer and employee, capital and labor are united for one single purpose, and that purpose is the perpetuation of the American system of government and American ideals of progress.

CONSCIENCE

By J. G. McLeod

THE coroner's jury called it suicide. Never had a case looked more like suicide. The body of Leroy Cole was found sprawled on the floor of his bedroom, with the door locked from the inside. His head was practically blown off by a shot from a pistol, which was clasped with both hands, the right grasping the butt and the left holding the barrel as though to steady it and make the shot more certain. Anyone would have scoffed at the idea that he had been murdered; so conspicuous was the suicidal aspect.

Yet, William Martin knew better. He had killed him! The law was completely outwitted; he was safe from detection. He chuckled as he read the account of the "suicide" in the morning paper. He was happy. His great enemy was out of his way; the one who had blocked his path so long was dead. It made his spirits soar, as he walked down the street, to glance at each unsuspecting cop he passed as if he had put something over on him. He strolled nonchalantly down the main thoroughfare, gazing at the crowd and occasionally stopping to look into a store window. Once he stopped in front of a ten cent store and weighed. One hundred and eighty-five pounds the scales had stamped on the card. He turned it over, read the fortune printed on the back, frowned slightly, then dropping it carelessly into his pocket, he strolled on down the street.

But his self-assuredness had left him. He crossed the street to avoid a policeman who was coming toward him. He glanced suspiciously at every person he passed. He hurried back to his rooms and locked the door behind him, then he eagerly scanned again the morning paper. There it was, "Suicide was the verdict rendered by the coroner's jury." He sighed with relief and smiled at his silly fright.

However, the thing seemed to have rooted itself in his mind. Carefully, he went over the circumstances of the crime. There was no chance for detection. He started out for dinner, but thinking of the crowd he would have to face, he turned back and had the janitor bring it to him. He spent the afternoon in his rooms, nervously pacing the floor and smoking innumerable cigarettes. He did

not even think of eating that night; his stomach was that of a landlubber at sea for the first time. He tried to read. He could not give his attention to the novel which previously had been of great interest to him. Throwing the book aside, he went to bed, but he could not sleep. At every little noise he started, and once when someone walked by his door, he almost sprang out of bed. He was terribly worried. Time and time again he tried to reassure himself by reading the verdict of the coroner's jury in the paper. But this did not bring back his former confidence. He was miserable, tortured to such an extent that he could scarcely endure it.

Early next morning a haggard, nervous, broken man came into the police court and confessed that he had murdered Leroy Cole. William Martin had lost the battle against himself. The strain was too great; he was forced to give in.

The sergeant who searched him before putting him in the lock-up passed over with scarcely a glance the little card upon one side of which was stamped William Martin's weight, one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and on the other, the legend, "You are a little too sure of yourself."

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS

(A Descriptive Sketch)

By William Arnette Wofford

IT was beginning to grow dark. The last glimmer of daylight hung on the hilltops as the young girl tiptoed cautiously outside the door and sought the cool, quiet retreat of the wood. She was conscious suddenly of a great weariness, but, not wishing to be seen by any of the household, she ran straight ahead as fast as she could. She felt her way as she neared the silent wood, through the whispering dark, until she found the gate that led within. Then swiftly she was inside.

She ran down a little path, on which were many fallen leaves; and a heavy fold of light, like a brocaded tapestry, trailed from the light above along the ground. The moon was among the treetops of this seemingly haunted wood, on one side of it a circle of gold, on the other misshapen, as if the black trees had pressed too closely against it, resenting its high view of the mysterious density guarded. The young girl stood leaning against a huge tree, her chin and face resting on her raised hand, her eyes curiously engrossed by the faint light in the woods. There was no wind in the trees; not a breath or a stirring anywhere within this lofty domain, even in the tall bent plumes of grass, a few feet beneath her. And yet the radiance between the trees, the dim light from the sky, shifted unaccountably among the black tree-trunks, in and out of the mounds of brush. She wondered if there might be night-birds there, throwing their shadows across the still light, and lending it an illusion of movement. Perhaps, even, there were

people there, walking behind the boundary of silence, and flashing lanterns in the darkness. But as a dark fear stabbed her heart at this thought, a little breeze began to blow, and she was no longer afraid. The air was like a cool wind on her face, as she ran on and on, deeper and deeper into the wood.

The trees were thicker now, but here and there they were open to the moonlight. Here and there the underbrush was sparse and neat, as if someone had planted it and told it how to grow; the bushes were motionless under the weight of silver light, each one intent on the ground pattern the radiance made of it. The young girl threaded her way toward the massed darkness ahead, finding ever an increasing atmosphere of serenity. There was, undoubtedly, something here that she had met before, something elusive, something that had to do with the unbroken silence, and the unearthly play of light and shadow, something that silently crept into her soul and as silently soothed her tired body each night from the dull cares of the day. If there were birds and small animals living in this silence, they lived there quietly. There were no whirring wings; no excited, sweeping flights from branch to branch; no sleepy chatter arising in the path of sound the young girl trailed across the stillness. Her feet scared up no scampering echo, no crackling refuge into the bushes on the part of frightened creatures; only the protest of breaking twigs underfoot, and the little snap of branches, bent back and then released, followed her on her way, and even these noises sounded frightened at their own temerity in existing, and died on the instant, as if fear had strangled them.

The wood was very long, she found, as she rushed on. She had strayed far into their depths, and still the woods ahead of her showed no open rift. At last she sat down in a little cavern of darkness, where three trees leaned together and mingled their branches; sat without moving, and listened to the breathless silence gliding on her from all sides, until finally she was wrapped round and round with it. From her dark retreat she watched the curious light where the moon shone and struck the trees fitfully through the branches. It was a color of almost indescribable beauty, a pale but intense radiance, as if fire and water, gold flame and silver frost, had blended their differences into an unforeseen element. And, even as she sat very quiet and still, and listened to the faint murmur of the wind in this brooding stillness, the three trunks under which she sat seemed suddenly to shiver, the interlocking branches above her seemed to knock together with a hollow sound, and a shower of light, like stars loosened into chaos, fell on her upturned face. Then, with equal suddenness, the great boughs stiffened again to rigidity and the light streaked off through the surrounding trees, like numberless long arms stretched out to grasp the darkness.

FLESH AND BLOOD

By Clyde Nelson

THE steady drone of the uninspired district attorney's voice was the only sound that broke the silence of the stuffy little courtroom. The hot rays of the mid-July sun slanted in through the raised windows, and outside in the still air the hum of bees was audible.

The State rested, and the perspiring jury heard the instructions of the judge. The defendant, Craig Elliott, was charged with a statutory offense and justice demanded the supreme penalty. The jury withdrew.

An uproar of voices thronged the room. The motley crowd of small-town idlers, negroes, and farm laborers were evidently in sympathy with Jed Couch's daughter, who had been wronged by young Elliott.

The case was an old one. Elliott had been a suitor of Helen Couch and there had been a love affair. In terror he had fled the state upon learning of his trouble. He had been brought back now to answer justice's voice.

The roar and noise subsided. The jury had returned and the verdict was as final as the decision of the jurors had been swift. Death — on the gallows. The laws of South Carolina do not fix the age of youthful love, but they do fix the age of consent. Craig Elliott was guilty and he must pay the penalty. The judge read the sentence and his gavel sent the crowd back into the sun-drenched laziness of the little town's streets again. The life of a man was common gossip now. Justice had been done.

The form of a woman with haunted eyes clung to one of the rough pine benches in the court room. There was a look of unbelief in her eyes. Marie Stone was a woman whose eyes could be hurt. The crowd ebbed out, and she joined the last of the stragglers. With unseeing eyes she made her way across the hot courtyard, untied the reins of a weather-beaten horse from the pine rail and took her seat in the open buggy. The horse, with a free head, made his way along the sandy streets toward the open country. The woman stared ahead into the brilliant glare of the sun — dazed, thinking. The wheels of the buggy crunched in the sand as the horse plodded on homeward.

. . . . . .

Twenty years ago Marie Stone had lived with her father on a plantation down the river from Hardeeville. Hers had been a drab and lonely life of drudgery, keeping house for the widower, cooking, mistress of the farm. It was not strange that Craig Elliott should have possessed so completely the soul and self of a girl hungry for life. Marie Stone had been hungry.

A summer of cool nights, the scent of magnolia blooms high in the trees, the fragrance of jasmine, had been a lifetime to her. Craig Elliott had come into her being, stayed for a season that had been an eternity of living in which the cup had brimmed over, and left — hurriedly. The child had come into the world in the winter, secretly. Only her

father knew, and he had been vengefully and vaguely silent. Craig had never been heard of since. The child had been sent to a home in Hardeeville and reared by a kindly woman. No one had ever known. Or if they had known, they had not cared. The lives of these people of the swamps are like the climate. They are lazy, too concerned with crops and spring freshets, too drowsy from the sun, to care greatly what happens, as life and death come and go with the seasons. Spring, summer, fall, winter. They are all the same.

The young Craig Elliott had grown to manhood in the little town. And Marie Timmons had married John Stone, who lived down the river from her father's plantation. She had made Stone a good wife, slaved for him, borne his children. And tried to forget Craig Elliott. But one's first love is not forgotten easily. Life is like that. First loves and first borne children are always right and always nearest the heart. She had seen young Elliott on the streets Saturday afternoons when she and her husband had come to town. In his eyes there was the mystery and glamour of a summer twenty years ago. But no one knew and she had endured the memory alone.

. . . . . .

The sun bore down relentlessly as the buggy crunched its slow way back toward the plantation. The sweet, sickly odor of cotton blooms was in the air. John Stone and his negroes would be in the field now, fighting the eternal battle with the morning-glory vines. He would be tired tonight, with pains in his back and side. And the scent of magnolia blooms would be fragrant in the pines as the cool white moonlight stretched across the sandy, clean-swept little yard around the house and jasmine twined over the moss-edged shingles of the roof.

The sun began to slant westward and the ball of blazing crimson soon sank behind the cypress masses and poplars. The hum of tree crickets and the thump of frogs filled the twilight that soon was inky darkness. It would be another hour before the moon came up, red and sinister, from the swamp. Yellow lights were pricking the blackness as lamps in the negro cabins along the river were lit, and strains of haunting, pleading music came slowly across the water. The wheels crunched on.

There was a line searing the woman's brain. "Flesh and blood . . . flesh and blood . . . the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children . . . flesh and blood." Life is truthful. And vengeful. Her own flesh and blood was paying now for the same sin that she had paid for with her soul. A life for a life. all comes back a hundred fold. Perhaps in some far away palm-fringed seaport town tonight a sailor was dreaming over a rough table and glasses. And his son was paying next week with his life for the sin of his father. The cycle never ends.

The horse turned in at the lane. She stepped from the buggy and made her way toward the porch. In the darkness there was an orange-scarlet blob, the fire of John Stone's pipe as he leaned back against the board wall, smoking.

"Been to town?" his tired voice inquired.

"Yes, to see Doctor Means about my eyes. They were hurting this morning. Strained them sewing, I guess," she answered slowly.

"Anything doing there?" The question couldn't hurt now. She was beyond all pain.

"Nothing much. They were trying a boy named Elliott in court. Something about a girl. Going to hang him, I heard."

And the darkness of the house swallowed her.

BRANWOOD

By C. Morgan Bowen

"HURRAH! Hurrah!" Blenn shouted, as he put down his pen. "Well, I have at last finished my tale. Now, to go read it to the 'folks.' Wonder what they will say about it?"

He gathered his completed manuscript in his hands, and sallied forth to spread the good news. He was just an overgrown boy of sixteen years. He was, it seemed, all legs and arms, but then it was quite impossible to alter his appearance, so he had decided long before not to be at all self-conscious. Blenn Kirkley had a brilliant mind. In his studies, he always excelled the others, causing them to be jealous of him — especially did his own brothers, three terrible rascals, feel that the mother of their family thought Blenn had "it, them, and those." His own father made it evident that the three jealous brothers came first in his heart; his two sisters thought him entirely too insignificant to detract from their own pleasures; his mother (as most of them usually are) was his friend, guide and admirer. She was proud of her son Blenn.

He entered the living room in haste, joyously announcing, "I've got 'er finished! Do you want to hear it? Then, listen!"

He settled himself in an armchair beneath the floor lamp; ran his long fingers excitedly through his soft, brown hair; took on an air of contentment, as he proceeded to read. Before beginning, however, the young boy glanced at the faces of the members of his family. Father put down his paper, and cast a stern look at him; mother gladly ceased her sewing; even the girls managed to stop reading; "the jealous young rascals" roused themselves to ask what it was.

"Finished?" interrupted Mr. Kirkley.

"Yes, Father; now listen!"

"Young man, you burst in here again in such a manner with such shouting, and it will then be too late for you to listen."

"But, Father, you . . ."

"Hush. Don't argue."

"No, sir; but I've finished my story and want you to hear it."

"Story, by heck!"

"Yes," mother's beaming face turned from son to father. "Blenn has been writing some very interesting stories. He hopes to enter journalistic work some day, you know."

"No, I didn't know," Mr. Kirkley fairly roared. "But I do know, young man, that you must cut out all this foolishness and get to work, as your brothers have been doing."

"Yes, Dad, tell 'im. He writes nice, sweet rhymes for babies, too," sang the brothers in a chorus.

"Shall I read it to you?"

"No," all answered — save mother.

"Let me read it, son," she said.

"Yes, Mother."

Blenn's eyes glistened with tears as he left the room. They had insulted him; they hated him. Never again would they laugh at him in scorn as they had done. Never again would father say such things. Hastily he mounted the stairs, and soon reached his room at the end of the hall. Without more reflection on the matter, he at once started packing. In one traveling bag all of his stories and papers were placed, while the other contained wearing apparel. He changed into a traveling suit, and bags in hand, vanished down the back stairs. At the corner of the block, he hailed a passing taxicab. Within the next hour, New York and home had been left behind.

"I shall write in peace, even if it becomes necessary for me to remove myself from others, and live alone in the forest by a lake as did Thoreau at Walden," he reflected.

Many thoughts passed and repassed through his mind as he rapidly moved Southward. Finally, he reached his destination, and left the railway cars at Batesville, New Jersey. That night he spent sleepless in a hotel. The following morning he inquired of the desk clerk if the small country town had a large forest near its borders or in its vicinity.

"To be sure," the clerk returned. "The town is almost surrounded with such."

"Which is perhaps the largest and most dense?"

"Oh, you must be trying to ask about the 'Branwood Forest,' owned by old Squire Branwood. Yes, it is the largest by far, and so dense that no one ever goes there. The negroes report that it is haunted, and they stay away from it. I, too, think there is something rather mysterious about it."

"What facts do you possess upon which to base your opinion?"

"There was a hermit who many years ago lived there in a hut upon the bank of the Snake River. One day he found a man lying dead in the middle of the road. There was no apparent cause of death, and he had never been seen before in this vicinity. No one ever knew from whence he came. It seemed as if he had been dead for a week or more. Although the hermit traveled the road daily, he had not been seen there until that day."

"But that isn't so queer."

"No? Later in the day the hermit returned with the policeman to remove the body. They arrived only to find the remains dismembered — only the head and arms being there. And to add to this, the hermit died in his hut that night and the policeman died of a sudden illness the same night. No, sir; I shall never go to the 'Branwood Forest.' "

Blenn laughed to himself. Just the place for him to write. He sought Squire Branwood and was given permission to inhabit the hermit's hut and old home. The next few days saw the young boy settled in the haunted forest. He busied himself with his writing. Daily, he moved a table out under the trees by the river, and wrote page upon page, with only the accompaniment of the birds, sighing of the trees, and the swishing of the placid waters of the stream. He was happy there and knew he had an opportunity to do a great work. Often Blenn went to

the small town for provisions, and when there always purchased a newspaper. Here he would read with much interest of the nation-wide search that was being made for him, wondering why they didn't look closer home rather than in distant places. However, his heart gave a sad throb as he thought of his mother.

"Dear soul," he would say to himself, "only a little longer, and then I'll be back."

Finally, he had completed two stories. He felt that they could be sold, so he returned to New York. He visited a magazine office and left the stories. Blenn was more than heartsick as he left to return to the forest without seeing his mother.

"Can I be a failure?"

The editor had given him little encouragement. "Well, you may leave them. If I have any spare time, I'll look at them, but it will be impossible to promise you anything just now."

Nevertheless, he set to work anew. His small bank account was dwindling. It seemed almost certain that he must go home to acknowledge himself a most complete failure, beg forgiveness, and go to work as his father had commanded many weeks before. At the end of the week, he went to the postoffice to see if by chance the editor had written. Yes, a letter was there.

He carried it back to the forest before reading it. There, seated upon a rock near the edge of the river, he burst the seal. Out fell a check for the stories, and also a letter begging for more of them.

The editor wrote, "You told the story of the old hermit very clearly. I turned it over to the police and they have settled on the evidence of his death. They see now that he killed his brother, dismembering his body before going to town. He poisoned the policeman and himself. It was indeed a break for you to have discovered his letter in the hut, and more remarkable for you to have solved the mystery in such a fashion."

THE IRONY OF FATE

By Carl H. May

THE brisk sea breeze with its salty tinge ruffled the gray and grizzled beard of Sam Swift, veteran sea diver. His wind-tanned, sinewy arms steered his small skiff toward the dark, rocky reefs off the California coast.

The reefs were often inhabited by abalones, a valuable shell-fish. Sam had devoted twenty years of his life in hunting these abalones, and he was now past the half century mark. He had barely made a living from the sale of the shells, sea-food, and small pearls that he had fished from the depths of the sea, yet his weather-beaten features betrayed the gleam of hope. Large and expensive pearls were occasionally found inside some of the abalones, and Sam toiled on incessantly day after day with the burning desire of some day being rewarded by finding one of these almost priceless gems.

Although the sea was choppy and a bit rough, he had ventured out to the reefs, for

his catch the day before was scanty. Arriving at the reefs, Sam weighed anchor and prepared himself for diving by removing his worn shoes and faded hat and slipping out of his tattered shirt.

The muscles of a wrestler were revealed. Buckling his sharp-bladed knife to his belt and grasping the short iron handle of his basket, he plunged into the sea.

A series of bubbles on the surface of the water clearly revealed his path downward. Fortunately, Sam came upon a school of abalones on a sloping ledge, but this ledge was overgrown with kelp and seaweed. Cutting his way through the branches of the kelp, Sam prized off the abalones that clung to the ledge, filled his basket, and returned to the surface.

After depositing his catch in the bottom of the skiff, Sam dived a second time. The abalones had all disappeared except a large one that was wedged in a crevice on the far side of the ledge. Defying the treacherous undercurrent of the Pacific, he tried to prize the abalone from its firm hold on the ledge. Failing in this, he broke the shell with the iron handle of his basket, clutched a handful of the meaty mush, when suddenly the undercurrent suddenly tore him from the ledge and seized him in its mighty grasp, hurling him through the turbulent waters.

Early the next morning, just as the sky was splotched with dazzling red and then a paler pink, merging into a still fainter crystal, the rising sun tore away the blackness from a shadowed world, revealing a still, silent figure, lying on a water-drenched bank of sand. The figure was that of an old man, and he lay quite still. There was no movement, no sound, no stirring at all. The early sun, rising over a distant peak, caught the silver of morning dew on flowers bent over by the night storm, and made it dance and dazzle like priceless jewels. And as the sun rose higher and higher, its rays too touched the figure of the lifeless old man lying crumpled on the banks. It made the matted, silvery hair light up and shine as if there were a halo over the mute figure; and it made the pale hands of the old man whiter still, giving them a colorless appearance, except for something starry, with a scintillating light, clutched between the gnarled fingers, so placid in death.

Sam Swift had longed for the possession of a priceless pearl. Death had granted his wish.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

JOHN A. MAY, *Editor*

"The Concept," Converse College.—Your February number was a well balanced magazine. Heretofore plays have been lacking in "The Concept," but Miss Caldwell's "Black Angels" makes up for all the time lost. The local color and character studies of the play are above the average of college plays. There are two many little sketches in your magazine that serve no special purpose. You give the impression that there is space to be filled and these will do to publish. The past high plane that "The Concept" has set forbids such as this, and therefore we urge more material like that written by Misses Withers, Pugh, Allen and Brown. Their contributions to the February number seem to be above the average.

"The Shake," The Citadel.—The first issue of your magazine has made a very lasting impression on literary circles throughout the state. We congratulate The Citadel and extend you every good wish for a successful magazine. We hope that you will maintain the high standard that you have set, and you could do no better than to let your first issue serve as a model for others to come. We very favorably comment on the thoroughness with which the authors treat "The Rough-Cut Poet-Laureate" and "The Development of Literature in South Carolina." However, you must not overlook the fact that a literary magazine, to be truly deserving, must be well balanced. More variety in your next issue will add considerably to its value.

We acknowledge receipt of: Winthrop College, "Journal"; Coker College, "Bashaba"; Limestone College, "The Lantern"; Randolph-Macon College, "The Tatler."

BACK NUMBERS

In 1889 the first issue of the Wofford College Journal was published. That was forty-two years ago, and that is a long time. The editors the first year were Edwin D. Mouzon and W. P. Few. And who would have thought that those two youngsters could have made respectable citizens of this country? They have done well, too, all things being considered equal. No doubt that forty-two years from now a member of the class of 1931 will be a Methodist Bishop, if they still have Bishops. And if these monarchs are dethroned, they will probably have Rooks or Pawns or Castles, so there you are.

The first sketch in the second issue was signed by James H. Carlisle and tells of the earliest college journal, "The Harvard Lyceum." It also predicts a rapid growth for

college literary publications. They seem to have grown in volume but decreased in quality of material. Those early writers for our paper seem to have been able to quote Latin and Greek at will.

In the same issue, E. D. M. writes at length on fraternities. He disapproves heartily and says that it was a sad day when they were allowed the privilege of coming on the campus. He seemed to consider that they were a demoralizing force. He said that the literary societies and the Y. M. C. A. work were far more important and necessary. He said that these would break the monotony of life and that fraternities were useless and very harmful. Is it possible that life was monotonous to the boys then? And open saloons in the city of Spartanburg. One Wofford graduate who finished in the eighties said that he was one of the best customers of a prominent Spartanburg saloon and that over half the members of the class were frequent visitors. That is one thing that isn't done by Wofford students now. There is very little drinking, if any. Not that it is hard to get, but money is too scarce. If the present depression continues a little longer, a great many people are going to get out of the habit. There is some good in everything, even depressions.

Here are some news items which appeared in the second issue: "The college is now completely lighted by gas." Now wouldn't that burn you up? "Bishop Duncan's handsome new residence on N. Church street is now finished. It is of English architecture and has a coat of arms on the front." Maybe the coat of arms is still there. "Wightman Hall now has forty-one boarders." This must have been named after the first president. "The Czar of Russia considers three pounds of meat and two quarts of champagne a very light luncheon." No wonder the old boy couldn't stand up under a revolution and a World War. How could he stand at all, if any?

In one of the stories the writer had the word peanut spelled with a capital and separated with a hyphen, thus making two words of it. Thus, Pea-nut. It's goobers now, without a capital, and an American institution.

"Trinity college is planning to move into some city or town." You can't see the town because of Trinity now.

"The girls at Converse College can take a thorough course in bookkeeping, telegraphy, etc." It is simply a shame the way some of those girls up there still learn to keep books.

The following item would attract attention: "Prof. Snyder lectured at Converse last night on 'Character.' The talk was short, but bristled with thought, clothed in very pretty language." So he has been at it at least forty-two years. The secret is out. If one wants to make a wonderful public address, let him practice forty-two years.

In the back was the following ad.:

"I pay special attention to boarding horses at reasonable rates." Now, was that fair?

C. N.

EYES AND EARS

(The Latest in Books, Cinema and Drama)

"THE GOLDEN CHIMNEY"—BY C. M. SUBLETTE

Mr. Sublette, favorably known as a writer of adventure stories, such as "The Scarlet Cockerel" (a tale of French Huguenot colonists in the Carolinas), here attempts a more difficult fictional genre: the novel of character. Marcellus Bassett, of stout Maine seafaring stock, who rose from obscurity to financial dominance in Colorado's mine boom days, is his not altogether admirable hero. One need be but casually familiar with the careers of founders of several mining fortunes to recognize the type. But if in Marcellus we perceive traits of the typical pioneer mining magnate, we also note idiosyncrasies markedly individual. The author has achieved an admirable delineation of this inarticulate, almost illiterate blacksmith whose sudden rise in the world was due as much to luck as to hard work, singleness of purpose and peasant guile.

When Bassett's diggings in the deserted claim of the Fenn brothers finally resulted in his discovering the Golden Chimney, one of the richest silver lodes in Colorado's mining history, his wife was at last able to put away her wash-tubs and his daughter could have the advantages of an Eastern school. But as wealth is ever the enemy of virtue, his apparent good fortune was, in fact, the cause of his ultimate ruin. This character, hardened and tempered by adversity, could not withstand the insidious, degenerative influences of sudden prosperity.

The seamy side of pioneer mining life is not glossed over, but the atmosphere of the novel tends toward a mild, romantic pantheism rather than to out-and-out realism. Despite this tendency, an intimate knowledge of mining technique, geological formations and local topography reinforces the sense of actuality. The book ranks above the average of contemporary fiction.

MR. SHAW AGAIN

The letters of George Bernard Shaw and the late Ellen Terry, the existence of which only recently became known, will be published next October by G. P. Putnam's Sons in New York and London. The correspondence between Shaw and Miss Terry continued for thirty years, and the letters are said to reveal a deep and romantic attachment. Permission to publish the letters was obtained only after two years of intricate negotiations with Mr. Shaw and with Miss Terry's two children, Edith and Gordon Craig. The correspondence is being edited by Christopher St. John, English writer and dramatic critic and life-long friend of Ellen Terry. The book will have a preface by Mr. Shaw, in which he discusses Miss Terry's ethical position, the morals of the stage in the 90's as compared with those of today, Miss Terry's theatrical antecedents and his own, his disapproval of Sir Henry Irving and the old Lyceum Theatre, and the rise of the new school of the drama, beginning with Ibsen.

COLLEGE BOOKS

The Mohawk Press, Inc., of New York, plans to specialize in the writings of college

students and to publish a series of books to be called "The Intercollegiate Library." The first book in the series will be an anthology composed of original writings of undergraduates in the University of Wisconsin selected by the firm's board of editors, which includes Frank Shay, W. Adolphe Roberts, Stuart Palmer and Lloyd A. Collins. The volume will contain one-act plays, short stories, novelettes, poems and essays. It will be published on May 10th, and is tentatively entitled "Wisconsin Writings, 1931."

"THE NAZARENE ACCORDING TO THOMAS"

By Ivan Nazhivin

This is the story of the life of Jeshua, known to the later world as Jesus, as it might have been written by Thomas, the doubting disciple, a searcher after truth, but one whose mind was unable to deceive itself or take refuge in illusion. Mr. Nazhivin, one of the most outstanding of contemporary Russian writers, has approached his subject from a purely rationalistic viewpoint, putting aside all trappings of miracle and legend, and confining himself to the facts as they may be supposed to have occurred. The figure that emerges is that of a great creative teacher, searching for the spiritual truth which shall re-create and regenerate the world, but destroyed in the end by a society which is not fitted to accept His teaching.

Mr. Nazhivin begins his narrative of the life of Jeshua at the moment of His leaving the community of the Essenes, of which He is a member, in search of a way of life even more free from the encumbrances of form and ritual. He believes that the world is awaiting a spiritual awakening, a new revelation of truth, and begins to suspect that He may be the one spoken of in the Scriptures, through whom this truth is to be revealed. Spending a night alone on the mountainside, He struggles with the temptation toward personal power, a conflict conducted "without words, in the mysterious speech of His inner being."

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Bertrand Russell, who has just succeeded to the earldom vacated by the death of his brother, is at work on a new book to be called "The Meaning of Science." It will be published next fall by W. W. Norton & Co. The manuscript is virtually complete, but the author informs his publishers that he intends to keep it by him until the end of May "for purposes of revision and adding malicious footnotes."

DREISER (THE INSIPID)

When the Warner Brothers announced that they were going to produce a photoplay entitled "The Genius," with John Barrymore in the leading role, Theodore Dreiser instructed his attorneys to notify the producers that they had appropriated the title of one of his novels and that action would be taken to protect his interests. The courts, we understand, have already held that the title of a book is a term of description which serves to identify the work, and that the author has no property in it, but Mr. Dreiser claims that he has acquired valuable property rights which the court should protect on the common law theory of unfair competition. The case will doubtless be followed with considerable interest by authors who hope to sell the motion picture rights of their books.

HOWARD HUGHES SIGNS ADOLPHE MENJOU

For the first time in his long and distinguished screen career, Adolphe Menjou will be seen soon in a distinctly new type of characterization.

Menjou, cast solely heretofore as a romantic sophisticate, has been signed by Howard Hughes to play the part of the suave but hard-boiled managing editor in "The Front Page," under direction of Lewis Milestone.

This is the colorful role which Louis Wolheim was to have had. Death followed a short illness.

Menjou was borrowed from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the picture and began work immediately.

The actor is enthusiastically happy over the opportunity to depart from his stereotyped portrayals of the past, and Director Milestone predicts he will be sensationally popular in the new role. "It is made-to-order for Menjou," declared the director.

There has been no delay in the shooting schedule on "The Front Page" as a result of the change in cast, which now includes such important players as Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, Edward Everett Horton, Walter Catlett, Mae Clarke, Slim Summerville, Frank McHugh, Fred Howard, Eugene Strong, Phil Tead, Spencer Charters, Clarence Hummel Wilson, James Gordon, Maurice Black, Dick Alexander, and George E. Stone.

The world lost one of its greatest actors when Louis Wolheim died.

JUST ONE OF THE STORIES ABOUT THE NOTED FLYING DUTCHMAN

A recent issue of the "New Yorker" carried a "Profile" of Anthony H. G. Fokker, the Dutch aircraft expert, whose life story is to be told in "Flying Dutchman," one of the late spring publications of Henry Holt and Company, the result of a collaboration between Mr. Fokker and Bruce Gould, aviation editor of the New York Evening Post. A typical Fokker story, many of which are to be found in his book, brought the "Profile" to a climax. Here it is:

"During Kingsford-Smith's recent flight to this country in the Fokker plane 'Southern Cross,' the elated designer jumped into somebody's ship at Roosevelt Field and demonstrated his good humor by a series of flips and barrel-rolls around the eaves of the hangars with his motor wide open. Twice he landed and took off before enraged officials could race across the field to stop him. When he finally came down to stay, he was fined five hundred dollars for flying without a license, and then made to submit to a physical examination and a student's test flight. Mr. Fokker will probably receive his license to fly any day now."

"MEMOIRS OF A TERRORIST"—BY BORIS SAVINKOV

(Translated by Joseph Shaplen)

Boris Savinkov was probably the most colorful figure produced by the Russian revolutionary movement. A renowned poet, novelist, conspirator, and terrorist, the story of his career is a thrilling cross-section of life in the political underworld of Russia; wild adventure, espionage, betrayals, bank-robbery, assassination, imprisonment, escape, death, sacrifice. Savinkov was head of the Terrorist group of the Socialist Revolutionary Party,

and later Minister of War in the Kerensky cabinet. After the Communist revolution, he led an army against the new regime for a year and a half, only to be suddenly converted to the futility of fighting the rule of Lenin and Trotsky. He disbanded his forces, made his way in disguise to Moscow, and there offered his services to the cause of building up the new Russia. Disbelieved, he was thrown into prison and tortured. In desperation, he hurled himself to death from his prison window.

It is a tale of romance, and struggle, victory and disillusionment, a canvas on which is painted the Calvary of those who gladly went to their death to bring salvation to their people. Nowhere in modern literature and political life will be found a story more fascinating than in "Memoirs of a Terrorist," written as only a great novelist could write it. The book is now on the shelves.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT"—BY WALTER F. McCALEB

Here for the first time an outstanding historian has written an impartial study of the life of this very great man. Hitherto the Roosevelt biographies have been in the nature of hero-worship, but Mr. McCaleb has dealt with facts whether favorable or unfavorable to the man, much of the data being available through the files of the Roosevelt Papers. Mr. McCaleb is a noted historian, one of his best known works being the "Aaron Burr Conspiracy," and he is also prominent as an executive in banking and business circles.

The salient points emphasized in Roosevelt's career are: the reasons for his nomination as Vice-President; the Panama Canal scandal; the spectacular criminal indictment of Pulitzer; the panic of 1907, in which new facts are developed which substantially prove that Roosevelt was double-crossed by Frick, Gary and Morgan; the breach with Taft; and much new material is uncovered in connection with the development of the Progressive party. This biography is, in fact, of far-reaching significance and, with many new facts here first brought to light, it gives the story of a very important period in the history of this country.

It will be published in April.

"CERVANTES"—BY T. R. YBARRA

Everyone knows about "Don Quixote," but not many remember the wildly adventurous life led by the Spaniard who wrote it, or the manner of man he was. A contemporary of Shakespeare, his romantic career held far more of the tribulation of that time than those of the court favorites of Elizabeth, and took him to many European countries.

In his early youth, Cervantes left his parents, who had settled in Madrid, and became a soldier of fortune. He was wounded in a great battle, escaped from the enemy only to be captured by pirates on his way home and sold into slavery. When he finally regained his freedom and returned to his native land he was soon imprisoned for his extreme poverty, even though he had now written his masterpiece and one of the greatest of all books.

The life of Cervantes, like that of his hero, Don Quixote, is filled with the dangers and passionate romances of that period and is set against one of the most glamorous times of history by an eminent biographer.

ALL THE WOFFORD BOYS
EAT
DRINK AND SMOKE
at
BURNETT'S

Wilson's Drug Store
"The Rexall Store"
Welcome Wofford Students
Near The Cleveland

Maillard's Candies
from
Heinitsh Drug Store
"On the Square"

Braeburn University Clothes for Men
Featured by
THE MAN'S STORE
109 East Main St.

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Store
Smart Shoes and Socks
Collegiate Style Leaders of Spartanburg
SPRAWLES & CHRISTOPHER
Wofford Representatives
311 Snyder Hall

DRINK
Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES

The DuPre Book Store
BOOKS
and
STUDENT SUPPLIES

Students Cordially Welcomed

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

Palmetto Drug Store

"The Rexall Store"

CUT-RATE DRUGS, SODAS, CIGARS, CANDIES

Try Our

SPECIAL LUNCHEONETTE

Service at Popular Prices

Corner Main and Church

Buy Once to Last a Lifetime

CONFIDENCE, VALUE, SAFETY

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
"THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY"

146 East Main Street

"PLUG" OSBORNE
(Wofford, '17)

RALPH CRUTCHFIELD
(Wofford, '26)

WELCOME TO

Carolina Sporting Goods Co.

SWEATERS - TENNIS - GOLF
SPORTS CLOTHING

Phone 142 **182 E. Main St.**

Piedmont Cafe

274 Magnolia St.

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

Open All Night

Stop here for drinks on your way to and from the college

Martin's Pharmacy

"Montgomery Building"

THE ELITE and LA PETITE ELITE

ICE CREAM
and
LUNCHES

Special Attention Given to Banquets

NUNNALLY'S CANDIES

HARRY PRICE

"Ends Your Quest for the Best"

122 East Main St.

CLOTHIER & FURNISHER

Where Authentic College Styles Prevail

Sam Koon, John (Pop) Jackson
Representatives

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Foremost Dairy Products, Inc.

(HUB CITY ICE CREAM CO.)

164 Library Street Spartanburg, S. C.

684—Phones—685

The Rock and The Sand

The lord of all the earth said: "Every one then, that listens to this teaching of mine and acts upon it, may be compared to a prudent man who builds his home (his business, his character) upon rock.

"Down comes the rain (trouble, adversity, hard times), the rivers rise, the winds blow and beat upon the house, and yet it does not fall, because its foundations are upon rock.

"But every one that listens to this teaching of mine, and does not act upon it, may be compared to a foolish man, who builds his house upon the sand.

"Down comes the rain, the rivers rise, the winds blow and strike upon that house, and it falls, and great indeed is its downfall."

In which picture do you find yourself? Build wisely in mind, heart, soul and business—

ALL IS WELL.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

FOUNDED 1871

STRONG COURTEOUS HELPFUL

BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS, SPARTANBURG, S. C.